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Zion's Herald.

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ALONZO S. WOOD,
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THE SERENE.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

I was sitting, dreary, lonely,
Burdened with the cares of life,
Longing for a respite, only
Weary of the noise and strife,
"Oh, for some secluded haven,
Where earth's cares should ne'er annoy!
For my heart is very craved;
Oh, for peace, and love, and joy!"

Gazing on the sunset splendor,
Billows rose of molten gold—
Over depths of azure tender,
Lower, crimson waves unrolled—
Still I sat there, brooding sadly,
When I saw a wild bird rise,
Circling upward, singing gladly,
Upward through the western skies.

Like some joyous spirit soaring,
It had gained the realm of calm,
While I sat my grief outpouring,
Longing for a healing balm;
Yearning for those heights Elysian
Where the soul finds peace untold;
Till the teardrops dimmed my vision,
Blending crimson waves with gold.

Then an angel voice came breathing
Words of comfort to my heart,
Round my spirit's writhing
Fancies sweet to soothe its smart.
"Saw'st thou bird soar sweetly singing,
Scale its ladder gold and red,
High aspiring, upward winging
To serene depths overhead?"

"Thus the soul its longed-for haven
Must attain through suffering,
Be no more despairing, craven,
But with all thy being sing!
Only after tribulation
Vailing one grand anthem psalm,
Mourning 'rounds' of pain and passion,
Souls may win the heights of calm."

THE PREACHING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, LL. D.

The London Christian World contends that "the preaching of righteousness" is an urgent want of our times. Some signal instances of unrighteousness, in "business life," in Scotland and England, have lately made clear this need. "Paul," says the editor, "when he addressed Felix, began by reasoning of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' feeling that the slumbering conscience must be awakened, and the man convinced of sin, before the message of salvation could be accepted, or its meaning understood." And the writer proceeds to argue that "in the failure to follow this example, and to instruct as well as to arouse the conscience, is to be found the secret of the defective results of not a little of the evangelical teaching" of the times. Christ's example is also cited. How He rebuked all practical unrighteousness! The religion around Him was mostly formalism, Pharisaism; it was the great evil to be combated, and to be swept out of the way of His Gospel, and He struck at it continually. "There were," says the London Journalist, "no doubt, other sins which needed His condemnation; and, as they crossed His path, He dealt with them. But this was the sin of the age, the sin of 'society,' and especially of religious society; the sin which men were all too ready to wrap up, so that its true character should not be detected, and, therefore, it has a prominence in the teachings of Him who came to rescue men from the bondage of sin."

The great evangelists of the last century surely preached faithfully the "doctrines of grace," but they proclaimed unsparingly the law. "A great man," says the London World, "is reported to have said, in relation to the proper themes for the pulpit, that if he had happened to be a clergyman of a parish inhabited by Cornish wreckers, he would have made it his first business to instruct them on the sin of wrecking. This was precisely what Wesley did, in Cornwall; and hardly anything commended more his great work to the national respect than his success in thus preaching righteousness to those once criminal and cruel people. Southey says that he did more than all the police of the kingdom to suppress smuggling and wrecking along the coast, especially in Cornwall, and the 'evangelical' result was, at last, that Methodism made Cornwall one of its very best fields. Cornwall has ever since been an Eden of Wesleyan Methodism. Before Wesley's appearance there, smuggling and wrecking were hardly considered criminal in the strict sense of the word; there was no apparent conscience about these crimes among the common people. Wesley and his itinerants morally revolutionized the coast.

Who doubts that we need more preaching on practical righteousness—need it as a nation? The appalling prevalence of political and financial corruption among us, for some years, shows, in a startling manner, this need. The "preaching of Christ" is indeed the preaching of "the Gospel," but let us beware how we abuse these glorious phrases. Wesley, in one of his discourses, reprehends, with severity, those who talk of "preaching Christ," as justifying a neglect of preaching on practical morality. To him this was

one of the greatest possible disparagements of Christ and His Gospel. What is not the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" the very centre of the moral system of our world? Is it, directly or indirectly, an evasion of that moral system? Is it not the sublimest vindication and support of that system? Wesley and his fellow-laborers believed that the "doctrines of grace" could get no access to the souls of men but through their awakened consciences; they asserted the claims of the moral law, as the chief arguments for the necessity, the grace, and the glory of the Gospel.

How it has come to pass that, with such unsurpassed provisions of religion as we have in this Christian land, public and private morals have suffered so dreadfully, has been an interesting question with some of our thinkers, and with not a few it has induced doubts of our religion itself, or, at least, of our religious methods. We think a special cause has produced so special an effect; and to us personally that cause seems no mystery. No man, in his senses, can expect general private morals where public morals are almost universally corrupt. Many minor causes have doubtless tended to the deterioration of our national morals; but there has been one ostensible evil which has struck down our public morals, and thence spread infection through our financial and business life. This one thing has been our political "spoils policy"—our corrupt Civil Service system. Before the heinous doctrine that "the spoils belong to the victors" was uttered among us, public and private honesty and honor distinguished us as a Christian country. That doctrine rendered our public offices matters of political traffic; it was but another and a natural step from such a beginning to the traffic in the votes of the national and State legislatures, and at last the popular votes at the ballot-box. Soon finance and politics came to be considered by many as no longer within the pale of morality or conscience. Corporate business institutions—railroads, banks, city and country treasuries—showed the spreading infection; and at last private financial responsibility itself became rotten. The rationale of all this degeneration is, we repeat, clear enough, whatever minor and subtler causes may have aggravated the chief cause. A rectified civil service is the one thing needful for the salvation of the republic! Every righteous patriot should insist on it, at whatever sacrifice of party or other political predilections.

But the restoration of the national conscience, after so profound a declension, must be the work of the Gospel—the Churches. The Churches have the ground in this nation; they are everywhere; they have, also, an independence, nowhere else in the world equalled. There are tens of thousands of Christ's own ambassadors standing forth weekly before this American people. Let them in His high name, and with the indefeasible authority with which He has invested them, proclaim righteousness throughout the land—righteousness in politics, righteousness in finance, righteousness in business, righteousness to "the last farthing." Let them declare, night and day, that there is no Gospel without the moral law, no Saviour who is not also the Judge, no repentance without reparation, no salvation without rectitude. God forbid that we should disparage His ministering servants! We believe that no class of men on the earth is purer and more devoted than the American ministry. But they need to be more specific, more direct, more incessant in the inculcation of Christian morality, at a crisis like that through which this nation has been passing for some time. They can save the nation if they will; and they alone. For whatever other powers there may be for its salvation, all are subordinate to theirs, and none can be effectual without theirs.

AMBULANCE CHAT.

IV.

Orators and Oratory.—Webster at Bunker Hill.—Bishop Simpson's Yale lectures and Matthew Simpson's preaching.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

Reading once more, of late, in the Daily Advertiser, the sonorous and magnificent periods which I twice heard as they fell from the mellifluous lips of Edward Everett, in description of the oceanic telegraph, I felt into a fit of musing upon orators and oratory. For more than a generation Mr. Everett was, perhaps yet is, the New England school-boy's model in oratory, and therefore mine also; ridiculous as the fact must appear to my dear Prof. Holdich, whom I so exasperated by my outrageous declamations. Mr. Everett was a Ciceronian orator, with Quintilian's intricacies assimilated in every fold of his body and mind. But my first great experience of the grand and mysterious power that streams forth from the great

orator was when, as a boy clinging to my father's arm, I stood on Bunker Hill, where stood at the same time most of Massachusetts—in fact, most of the American nation, if reckoned by quality—and listened to Daniel Webster when the top-stone of the monument was laid. That experience was in the power of a single sentence, and a sentence which probably does not appear in Mr. Webster's published works. The oration had not yet begun, and the vast crowd, pressing to get nearer to the orator, finally in their impetuosity pushed back the lines of military, and as, in my vicinity, the guards held their muskets horizontally pressed against the breasts of the people, they were swept away by the crowd, who knocked up their muskets, hitting breech and bayonet, right and left, and pouring forward in such masses as threatened to trample those in front to death. In vain the master of ceremonies entreated them to fall back, for there was an oceanic swell behind that fairly flung those in advance towards the stand. At last he begged Mr. Webster himself to come forward and plead with the tumultuous crowd. He arose, advanced a step or two towards us, and said, "Gentlemen, you must fall back!" "Mr. Webster, it is impossible!" It is impossible, Mr. Webster!" shouted a thousand voices at once. Then the Jupiter Tonans burst forth. Raising his arm and his voice, as his burning eye flashed over the excited multitude before him, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, nothing is impossible to Americans on Bunker Hill!" A great shout thundered through those thronging thousands, and they surged back like waves from the shore. That was eloquence, or, rather, to use Webster's own immortal language, it was "something higher and nobler than all eloquence—action, noble, sublime, godlike action." The words were great, it is true, but after all it was the man behind the words that awed and subdued the storm. That was a thunderbolt that Mr. Everett's graceful fingers never could have flung.

Can the art of forging and flinging such bolts be taught by man to men? There are Bishop Simpson's Yale lectures, that may seem to answer this question. But the Yale boys and men should know, if they do not, that these lectures are no more related to Matthew Simpson, as some have heard him, than a cheap chromo is to a thunderstorm. Paul of Tarsus broke the rules of Quintilian as ruthlessly as Alexander and Napoleon broke the rules of military tactics. But Paul made hangy Roman proconsuls tremble, and these unimpaired soldiers gave the world Arabia and Austerlitz. Analysis and synthesis rarely co-exist, and that is a rare mind indeed that is both critical and creative. Shakespeare would probably have delivered poor lectures on the poetic art, and Quintilian's declamations are not Philipics or Olynthiads. Yet everybody reads with interest an orator's thoughts upon oratory, though in this, as in every other such book, the most valuable thoughts are beneath the surface or between the words. But these printed lectures compared with their author's spoken sermons are what Father Taylor called "painted fire." But then, who expects Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment to burn him? Nobody who knows how to look at it.

I first heard Bishop Simpson preach before he had really become a bishop. I was fresh from the study of "De Oratore," and I looked long and vainly for the Ciceronian marks in the new orator; and yet as I looked my eyes grew strangely dim. Seeing him in the vortex of that living tornado, in which a multitude were whirled between time and eternity, it was clear that he was made to be the engine rather than the figure-head of the Gospel ship, for he was not like Milton's archangel.

"In form and gesture proudly emble." Father Taylor sat right in front of the pulpit, his white locks streaming, and his hands clenched upon the head of his heavy cane, his chin resting on his hands, and his eyes following every motion of the preacher with the flash of the eagle. Taylor was sometimes a terrible auditor, and he had clearly come that day determined to be taken in by no shams. I have seen him knock a famous preacher completely out of himself by simply looking at him. A New England philosopher sat near me, who had settled back into his seat as Franklin settled back before Whitefield. But the preacher that day saw no critics nor philosophers. His eye was on the cross of Christ. Like Paul he was not an Apollo in presence; his coat had not been built for him by a Broadway tailor; his voice was not the typical orator's; his pronunciation and intonation were not Bostonese; the croak of his arm was not in the Everett curve, nor his gesture in the Hogarth line; but he gestured as if swimming the waters on which Daniel saw the man clothed in linen standing, with his right hand and his left held up to heaven, and swearing by Him who liveth forever. Now his voice wailed with the heart-break of Gethsemane, and then

his forehead ridged and thickened with the very thunders of heaven, and his eyes fairly glowed with the Ezekiel flame. At once we saw that, like Daniel and Ezekiel, he was "looking unto Jesus." And where he looked we began to look, whether we would or not. Taylor looked in spite of himself; my philosopher looked, though I thought, perhaps imagined, that he tried to shut his eyes. The preacher bore us with him aloft through rank after rank of created beings, terrestrial and celestial, past angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and Taylor raised his head from his case and reverently bowed to rank after rank as we passed, till at last we saw afar

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze;
And as we drew near and saw "the likeness of a man above the throne," Taylor twisted his bony hands in his long white hair and shouted in rapturous reverence, "That's Him!" while a vast and solemn sigh filled the house. I turned to my philosopher and said, "What does this mean?" He answered something in a husky whisper, and I thought he muttered "Sophtomores," but he dropped his head to hide the fast-falling tears. A fine elocutionist went to hear the Bishop as a professional student. I asked him afterwards how he liked the preacher's elocution. "Elocution!" he echoed. "I never thought of it. Good heavens! what does he need of elocution?" Photograph the lighting, formulate life itself, teach a crowd the thrill of the lark, teach a plume to soar like the eagle, but you cannot teach a man to be eloquent who has not eloquence born in him. Of the orator, as of the poet, the Horatian dictum still stands strong, *Nascitur, non fit* (born, not made).

A WEEK OF WONDERS.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

That it was a week, that is, a working-day one, is plain, since we left our home in Lucknow Monday morning and returned to it Saturday night. And as to the wonders, we are quite sure our readers, if they had been with us, would have voted them such, although we may be able to convey in words very little of the impression they made upon us. At Cawnpore we stopped a few hours and were joined by Bishop Bowman, to accompany whom was one of the main purposes of our journey, and whose delightful society was certainly one of the pleasantest parts thereof. Nine hours' ride carried us one hundred and sixty miles to Agra, through a country perfectly flat, and very uninteresting so far as natural scenery goes, but crowded with immortal souls that know not the love of God. Yet the appearance of these plains is anything but crowded, and strikes a visitor very strangely. The people are huddled together in mud villages, and the broad fields of grain and pasture, or tracts of sterile land interspersed with mango groves, stretch out on every side, with few persons in sight except at the infrequent railway stations or turnpike crossings.

In Agra the chief wonder is the Taj Mahal (Crown Palace), so well and thoroughly described in Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda," and other works of travel. In fact, it has been a little too well described, and unless the visitor tarries long and goes repeatedly till he has completely appropriated the scene, and unless he has had opportunities for beholding it in all its most favorable aspects, he is apt to be a little disappointed. Yet there can be no doubt that this pearl of tombs is a very marvelous achievement, and one of the few finest buildings in the world. The shortest acquaintance discloses this. It is of the finest white marble, highly polished, so pure and chaste, so spotless and dazzling, as to inconvenience the eyes under the full glare of the sunlight. The proportions are so perfect that the really great dimensions of the structure are not easily appreciated. The terrace of white marble from which it springs is 315 feet square, and the gilt crescent at the top is 280 feet from the ground. But it is not the size of the edifice that astonishes, or the material, so much as the fine finishing of every part, the exquisite inlaid work of different colored marbles and other precious stones laid lavishly in every part, the marvelous marble screens of open tracery and most intricate designs. There is no parallel to this anywhere else in the world.

We found ourselves comparing the Taj with two places in Europe—the marble cathedral at Milan, and the tomb of Napoleon at Paris. To our mind the latter remains still the first of tombs, and the Milan Cathedral the first of buildings. Far grander, nobler, more complete, imposing, and every way satisfying, seems to us the Christian church than the Mahomedan mausoleum. As a work of art it is a greater triumph, and in all its associations and suggestions it is far superior. In comparing the two tombs, also, for grandeur, so-

lemnity, and impressive power, we should award the palm to Napoleon's rather than to that of the Empress of Shah Jehan. Hers is superior in delicate beauty and an almost weird loveliness; the one speaks of affection, the other of power.

The palace of the mighty emperor Akbar (pronounced Utkar) is the other wonder that makes Agra, Akbar's city, a place of pilgrimage for all sight-seers. It is situated in the great red sandstone fort which he built, whose walls are a mile and a half in circuit and sixty feet high. The public hall of audience, the private hall of audience, the women's apartments, the bathing-rooms in the Palace of Glass, and the Pearl Mosque, which was the private imperial chapel, all merit an extended description, but our limited space prohibits it. The same excellences that characterize the Taj are seen here also—the same purity of glistening marble, the same beauty of design and delicacy of finish in the inlaid ornamentation and open-work screens, the same lavish loveliness and elegance, not greatly altered after more than two hundred years. The Glass Palace is very peculiar and curious. Its various chambers and passages are adorned with thousands of small mirrors disposed in intricate and striking patterns, that flash back the light bewilderingly. And when the marble baths were full, and the fountains and miniature cascades were in play, with hundreds of lamps ingeniously inserted within or behind the falling or leaping water, the effect must have been fairy-like indeed.

The Pearl Mosque, also, is in its way unsurpassed the world over. It is truly the pearl of all mosques, not large, but absolutely perfect in style and proportions, the consummate flower of Saracenic architecture, without a stain or flaw, so severely simple in its design, so transcendently white in its polished marbles (the only material used), that it seems a shrine scarce fit for any but spotless angels to worship in—a shrine to rebuke by its very aspect the smallest impurity of thought.

Two days were spent very delightfully at Agra, and at Secundra near by—where lies the dust of the great Akbar under a splendid mausoleum—and then a night ride of nine hours brought us to Delhi, the city of Shah Jehan. His fort and palace are very much like those of Akbar at Agra, so that our interest in them was much diminished by having seen the others first. The only part superior here was the Dewan Khass, or private hall of audience, where the princes and ambassadors were received by the Great Mogul. The pillars and arches, the carvings and mosaics, the marbles and gems, make it live in the memory as a thing of marvelous beauty, but quite baffles description.

We were much interested in the Jumma Masjid, the largest and most famous mosque in the East, built on a rocky eminence a short distance from the fort. It has three handsome gateways of red sandstone approached by magnificent flights of steps of the same material. The court or terrace upon which these gateways open is 450 feet square, with a marble reservoir of water in the centre and a colonnade of stone round three of the sides. On the fourth side—that looking towards Mecca—stands the mosque proper, oblong in form, 200 feet by 120, surmounted by three superb domes of white marble crowned with spirals of copper richly gilded. The two minarets are each 130 feet high. I mounted to the top and was amply rewarded for the climb by finding the compact, solid-built, clean-looking city of modern Delhi spread out at my feet, and the surrounding country for many miles exhibiting under the noonday sun its treasures of ruins. The interior of the mosque is extremely beautiful, being paved and faced with white marble slabs variously decorated. We visited it on Friday, the Mahomedan Sunday, and the vast spaces were covered with broad strips of cloth for the accommodation of the worshippers. We were some two hours too early for the time of service (1 P. M.), and regretted that we could not stop to witness it. There is room in the mosque and its court for a great many thousands to assemble, and on special occasions it is crowded.

We gave up one day, as all tourists do, to the world-renowned Kootub Minar, about eleven miles from the present city, and the multitude of tombs and ruins lying in the same direction. It is the highest pillar in the world standing alone, and is otherwise most curious in many ways. Its present height is 238 feet, but the topmost story is gone, so that originally it was doubtless 260 feet. It is thought to have been built about 1220. The base is fifty feet in diameter, and the summit thirteen. The column is divided into five stories by heavy balconies profusely ornamented. The first three stories are of red sandstone; the last two of white marble. Horizontal bands of passages from the Koran, cut in the boldest relief, surround the pillar at various heights, and the flutings and carvings and massive decorations add greatly to the effect. It seems to have been one

of the pillars of an immense mosque projected by the Mahomedan Emperor Altomsh, but never completed. I found the view from the summit one of surpassing interest. For many miles on every side—in fact as far as the eye can distinctly reach—lie the ruins of old Delhi, domes and arches, gateways and pillars, tombs and palaces and forts, now reduced to crumbling masonry or scattered stones—a very sea of silent desolation.

At the base of the famous iron pillar of Rajah Dhava, 1,500 years old, we took our lunch, and then drove back to Delhi, seeing on the way many celebrated buildings of which not even mention can here be made. Nor have we space to tell of the relics of the mutiny in 1857, and the fine monument erected on the battery ridge to commemorate the brave deeds of British troops in those terrible days. It stands within a few rods of the pillar of the Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, which dates back to 300 B. C.

So on every side we found wonders; and when the time came (all too soon) for us to turn our steps homeward, it was with a feeling of great thankfulness that we had been permitted to look upon these memorials of a mighty past. The reflections to which they gave rise were many and profitable, but need not be registered here. We record these few jottings of six pleasant days, hoping they may awaken in some minds a deeper interest in India's past, present, and future.

Lucknow, Feb., 1879.

CONFIRMATION.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

Apostolic confirmation, the "laying on of hands," that followed baptism, conveyed to its recipient the "gift of the Holy Ghost." The practice remained in the Church after the miraculous accompaniment had passed away. In the East, confirmation still supplements baptism; in the West it has been made a distinct rite, and, since the ninth century, erected into a sacrament. The British Church retains the Roman form, but regards the ceremony as no longer possessed of sacramental virtue. Those who ask for the introduction of the rite into the Wesleyan or Methodist Churches, seem not to appreciate all that such introduction would imply. In the Roman and Anglican communions confirmation is the inner door of entrance into the Church, while baptism is admission to the vestibule. Confirmation is essentially an episcopal rite. Anybody can baptize, even laymen and women, in emergencies, but to confirm requires a bishop. In the Romish and Episcopal Churches every member passes under the hands of a bishop! The Baptist makes about as much of his baptizer as he does of his baptism. He regards the administrator with peculiar affection, although, in the New Testament, the administrator never appears except incidentally, and Paul made the administration of the rite quite secondary to preaching.

The Episcopalian cares not who baptized him, but refers with reverent gratitude to the bishop who confirmed him. Confirmation is the principal popular pillar to diocesan and successional episcopacy. Protestantism has not usually regarded a two or three-storied ministry as essential to salvation. It is an expensive luxury, if it be not an absolute necessity. The plea for something analogous to confirmation, in the Methodist Church, is the necessity of satisfying those who, having been baptized in infancy, desire to take upon themselves the vows of baptism, not merely verbally, but by some imposing ceremony.

Confirmation in the Romish Church is one of its most showy and impressive ceremonies, one that makes a life-long impression upon young minds. In effect, it is as heartlessly irreligious as many other of the ceremonies of that hollow system.

The call for it in the Methodist Church seems to be limited to the few, who, dissatisfied with their infant baptism, would be satisfied with laying on of hands in place of a second application of water. Supposing we were to endeavor to ease these tender consciences and confirm, who should do the "laying on of hands?" It is claimed by pure Episcopals as an apostolic prerogative, and instantly demands a successional episcopacy, and, in a thriving Church, would require a numerous diocesan episcopate. The formula for baptism is brief, terse and full of meaning; so are the formulae used in sacramental administration; so is that employed in ordination. Two of the forms of the British Prayer-book are singularly prosy and pointless. One is that of priestly absolutism substituted for the "absolvo te" of Rome, appended to the General Confession; the other is the form used by the bishop at confirmation: "Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant, with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue to thrive forever and

daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more until he come into Thy everlasting kingdom!"

It is a nice little prayer, but how does it especially confirm the vows of baptism, or why should it require a bishop to utter it? Or what virtue attends the laying of episcopal hands on the candidate's head?

The formula for admission into full membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church is copied, verbatim, from the Prayer-book, and is sufficiently binding; and we see not how the vows then taken or re-affirmed could be made stronger by re-application of water or the imposition of hands by presbyter or bishop.

Bishops, in the Methodist Church, not a few, are acting to bring the general superintendency to a stand-still, and propose, as an initiatory measure, to station the superintendents for four years over a given district—one, for instance, in New England. That officer might attend, for a quadrennium, to the general oversight of the six Conferences that lie wholly within the Eastern States; but how could that one man confirm the 16,000 probationers reported by these Conferences in the Minutes of the last one single year? Shall the Presiding Elders (400 diocesan bishops) confirm? If so, what need of other bishops, of whom many think we have a liberal supply now? Or what virtue in a Presiding Elder's confirmation above a stationed presbyter's "imposition of hands?"

When Methodism gets so Episcopalized that a minister cannot be ordained, or a church dedicated, or a cornerstone laid, without the presence and benediction of a bishop, we shall be ready for the other doctrine that no one can be a full member of the Church of God unless he passes under the hands of a successional episcopos in the form, intent and meaning of the Romish rite of confirmation.

From our Exchanges.

Joseph Cook finds in Shakespeare one of the greatest of all teachers of the sovereignty of conscience. True, that master analyst of the human soul does have some rare insights into the depths of our moral nature, but in all his descriptions of the reign and overthrow of conscience he seems never so clear and strong as when he depicts the broken pledges of the betraying engines of souls. He seems to take a rare surgical pleasure in cleaving the very flesh of these lifeless forms. He stands beside them, and gazes upon them with an acute knowledge of their true character, and then lifts them up as a warning to all generations. The argument of three-fourths of the plays of Shakespeare turns upon the rewards of a pure and unyielding purpose, and the utter failure of a mixed or impure motive. Take this element from the great dramatist, and you take "Hamlet from Hamlet."—*Christian Advocate.*

A truly great preacher is not affluent in illustration. His thought engrosses his mind and fills up the narrow space of a discourse. A string of stories is not a sermon, and will not supply the place of one. One reason why many sermons leave only a distinct impression of pleasure, and no distinct thought, may be found in those very illustrations which are so much sought. Even when there are a few of them, they may have an exotic character, and, like plants in earthen pots, may, by their very richness, conceal the vessel which they fill; the thought may be obscured by the artifices that men nominally provide to reveal it. When one goes to work deliberately with malice aforethought to illustrate his sermon, putting in here and there adornments of story or incident, there is much danger that his hearers will get the ornaments and forget what they were meant to adorn.—*Methodist.*

There is a legend of a vessel approaching a coast where a powerful magnet lay hidden in a mountain's heart. As it slowly came within reach of the magnet's strength, the iron bolts, as if by magic, were drawn from their timbers and the vessel went to pieces. The craft of skeptical science—bolted together with denials of a present God in nature—cannot find anchorage on any shore of human life; for every shore holds invisibly the magnet of a moral consciousness strong enough to draw the bolts which argument could not break. For such a vessel there is no port, and dissolved at last by the power of the heart, it may be written, as of Master Lambert's phantom ship,—*"And the masts with all their rigging, Full slowly one by one, And the hull dashed and vanishing As a sea-mist in the sun."*—*Interior.*

But the world moves by action and reaction. Dis-establishment is inconceivably approaching in England. Evangelism will then have a fairer field; and that will be the day for truth against error, for the Bible against tradition, for the common faith and common sense against ecclesiasticalism. Popery, though exciting itself energetically abroad, is dwindling in all its old European centres. Protestant High-Churchism will have its day, but its reaction will surely come. The tendency of thought throughout the religious world is against it; it cannot, therefore, be permanent.—*Advocate.* Stevens, in the Northern Christian

Miscellaneous.

CHANGING NAME OF THE CONFERENCE.

The matter of a change of the name of the New England Conference having been referred to the Trustees of the Conference, they have considered the subject, and present the following report:

First, The name of the Conference should be retained for its historical value. When formed, it virtually embraced all the New England States, the Maine, the New Hampshire and Vermont, and the Providence Conference were separated from it; the Maine being afterwards divided into Maine and East Maine, the New Hampshire and Vermont also became two Conferences.

The name misleads no one. If inquiry is made concerning it, an excellent opportunity is afforded to furnish the history, showing the progress of the work, requiring such division.

The Conference has never asked for a change of name, but when some few have agitated the subject, have invariably voted against it; and, although a neighboring Conference has asked the General Conference to do this, we see no good reason why their request should be granted while the Conference immediately interested is opposed to it.

There are several instances in our Church where the parent Conference retains its name, notwithstanding portions of its territory have been erected into separate Conferences. Among these may be mentioned the New York Conference, which still exists, though a goodly number of Conferences have been formed out of its original territory. Also the Ohio Conference rejoices in a number of daughters, and still retains her original name.

Secondly, The legal bearings of the subject of a change of name present grave considerations requiring that the name be retained.

The Conference in 1822 established the ZION'S HERALD, a weekly religious paper, to advance the interests of the Church. The paper was its property, and was managed by a committee of its members appointed by the Conference. This committee, after the matter had been fully considered in the Conference, applied for and obtained in 1826 an act of incorporation, under the title of "The Trustees of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church," which, by the by-laws, was approved by the Conference.

By the terms of the charter, the Trustees became the legal custodians of the property of the Conference then in possession, and also that which might subsequently be acquired. One legacy had been received by the Conference, previous to this organization, and was placed in their custody, the income of which was annually to be appropriated for domestic missions within the limits of the Conference. Other bequests have been made at different times, so that at the present time the number of bequests is twelve; and the aggregate amount of these funds received is \$16,319.84. In addition, they hold the title to \$1,000 safely invested, the income of which goes to the donor during her life. In three other cases the Trustees are residuary legatees. In one of them the amount is \$13,000 already in the executor's hands, to be paid to the Trustees when certain annuities cease. In another case a number of parcels of land in the Western States are already in possession, and some have been sold by the Trustees. In this case \$2,566 have already been received. Notice has also been received of other wills made and executed, conveying a large amount to the Trustees. Already we have in possession, and secured ultimately, the amount of more than \$30,000, the income of which is to be appropriated annually, according to the direction of the donors, to various benevolent operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Should the name of the Conference be changed, it will embarrass the conveyance of property in the possession of the corporation, as in that case no title could pass. To meet this difficulty, it would be necessary to apply to the Legislature of Massachusetts for change of name; and that might lead to important changes in the charter, which might be still more embarrassing.

Again, should the territory be limited by removing a few charges into another Conference, that would not be a sufficient reason for changing the name. Should the Conference be divided into two Conferences, the name should be retained by one of them, as the funds held by the Trustees cannot legally be divided, but, in case of division of the Conference, might be applied by the corporation to cover the whole territory now embraced in the Conference.

In view of these and other considerations, we recommend the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Conference, it is not only important, but indispensable, that no change be made in our title, but that it should remain, as for seventy-eight years past, the New England Conference.

WALLACE A. LEBARRON.

A SKETCH.

A number of years since, the writer was pastor of the Hudson Avenue M. E. Church in the city of Albany, N. Y., and was being assisted in revival work by the Troy Praying Band, when at a certain stage in the meeting it was thought desirable to secure still further reinforcements for the coming Sabbath, and an appeal was made to the members of the Wesleyan Praying Band to send help.

On Saturday there appeared at the

meeting one who was made known to us by the name which stands at the head of this sketch. As he appeared at first sight, and in the meetings which followed on that day, I confess I was disappointed, and thought that very little help could come to us from him. Rather awkward in manner and slow of speech, and at the same time not at all correct in language, I thought it would be unwise to put him in so critical a place as before a Sunday audience in that church; but in the final arrangement he was assigned to duty in the evening.

A great congregation assembled, crowding every part of the audience-room, and at length the time came for him to speak. He stood a moment as if abashed, and that moment the audience looked him over. A tall, bony man, rather loosely put together, in ill-fitting garments, his attitude was graceful, and a little disposition to merriment was visible in the congregation, which, however, general good-breeding held in check. As he began, his voice was harsh and unusual; in the excitement of the moment a quite perceptible drawl was manifest and he tripped almost painfully in grammar, hesitated for a word, but kept on. Gradually all embarrassment disappeared, and gave place to an unkindled fervor; and as his imagination began to play, his voice became clear and penetrating, now sinking to grand, solemn tones, and now rising clear as a clarion, and far-reaching as a trumpet; his gestures became natural, and had even a weird grace about them as his long arms swept the field before him, or his long index finger seemed the finger of destiny to the astonished audience. With graphic imagery he sketched scenes and character, now with a play of wit that moved a smile, and now with a pathos of heart-touching tenderness that melted to tears, until there seemed no key of the human organ which had not been touched; now he wooed and won by the charms of religion and the joys of heaven, and now became awful as he warned by the miseries of sin and the woes of the lost. The effect was tremendous; women wept and strong men bowed themselves, and the whole congregation was swayed as a field of wind-swept grain. I confess in all I feared for him that it could not be sustained, but at all once he sang with great effect the always effective, but then almost new, "Almost Persuaded;" and at his invitation many came seeking and went away glad with the peace of pardon and the hope of heaven in their hearts.

I came afterward to know him intimately—indeed, to be his pastor, and finally to watch, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, at his bedside until he closed his eyes to open them next amid the glories which had often ravished the vision of his devout imaginings. Mistake he made many, and infirmities he had such as seem almost inseparable from nature having such powerful powers as furnish the basis of the personal magnetism of the true orator; but Brother Lebaron was devoted to the cause of Christianity, and though I doubt if he often, or ever, reached the great height of the Sunday night in Albany, yet his efforts were almost always successful to a greater or less degree, and towns and hamlets all up and down the Connecticut Valley were blessed under the faithful ministrations of this humble lay evangelist. He was not a success in anything else, and was not remarkable for the thrift which characterizes the New Englander; but he could call sinners to repentance, and recognizing that fact, Brother L. H. Taylor, of Springfield, made it possible, by his liberality continued through a number of years, for him to support his family and give himself almost wholly to the work of the Lord. I would not dare to make this last fact public, which Brother Taylor kept so carefully concealed, were I not so far away from him. I learned it only from Brother Lebaron at the dying bed which was so assiduously attended not only by his loving family, but by the kindest ministries from that same right hand which did not let the left know what it was doing.

All these things are now years behind me, but they live in my memory, and I want the privilege of paying this tribute to the dead and the living.

St. Paul, Minn. SIOUX.

METHODIST ALLEY AND ANTE.

II.

Mr. Editor: In the former article, Rebecca "Benington" should have read "Barrington." These old saints deserve their full and correct names, and their descendants have a right to the honor descending upon them. As the question has been asked, here let me state that the Thomas Green and Kitty Green, of the early class papers, were not my parents, nor, so far as I know, any kith or kin to me. I have no record, but think my father became a member about 1802. Thomas and Kitty also mentioned were English people.

The little book mentioned in my first article contains the following prospectus and subscriptions:

"We, the members of the Methodist Church, are much in want of seats for the place where we have our meetings, or shall hereafter have them, and we are called to give a helping hand herein, for it is for the whole, and we all are called to help, as many of us as can. The seats will always be in use as long as we have a preacher, and if in the course of Providence we should have a meeting-house, the seats will still be serviceable; and when we once have them our own, they will ever remain so. So, Dr. friends, seeing these things are so, lay both heart

and hand to work. The Lord's a good paymaster; He gives good usury; look what you lay out, and He'll pay it you again. But don't do it grudgingly, or of necessity, and by exultation (sic) as it were, but give freely, as unto Christ; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Neither give so as to expect a fold back again, because we love our money, but make a free-will offering of it unto God and He will more than repay it all."

The following are the names of subscribers: Samuel Burrill, and wife, in family, 12s; Uriah Tufts and wife, 6s; Abraham Ingersoll and wife, 4s; Margaret Dickey, 3s; Sarah Wells, 1s, 6d; Mary Clough, 1s, 6d; Susannah Woodward, 1s, 6d; J. Hawkins, 4s; Elizabeth Wells, 2s; Nathaniel Blanchard, 2s; Joseph Snelling, 4s, 6d; Elizabeth Gold, 2s; Elizabeth Walen, 1s; Thos. Coops, 3s; Abraham Rand, 2s; Nabby Cortin, 1s, 6d; Sarah White, 1s, 6d; Thos. Ground, 6d; Polly Snelling, 4s, 6d; Rebecca White, 1s, 2d; John Richards, 2s; Daniel Barker, 9d; James Shepard, 1s, 6d; Nancy Larkin, 1s, 6d; Davis Lewis gave one seat 8 feet long.

These amounts, let it be borne in mind, were not in sterling money, at five dollars, or thereabouts, to the £, but "currency," which means \$33 13 10 to the £. These amounts, with one small exception, are all marked, "Paid."

Everything about the accounts shows a strictly cash business. Preaching-room rent, preacher's board, candles, occur regularly, the two former weekly. The book-keeping is very accurate. Indeed, for its purposes, is a model, "where every transaction of business, as soon as it occurs, is recorded by the book-keeper, in plain and unequivocal language."

The first minister of record is Rev. Jeremiah Corden, and his ministry extended from Aug. 12 to Oct. 2, 1792. Eight collections were made, at intervals of seven days, probably on Sundays. There are no expenses noted, but the whole amount, £1, 12s, 7d, was "paid the Rev. Jeremiah Corden, Oct. 2."

The next preacher was Ezekiel Cooper—from Feb. 3, 1793, to July 28th, of the same year. In his pastoral we read of the sums "Collected Publicly," being noted every seventh day, the amounts ranging from 10 1-2 pence to 15 shillings and ninepence. The entry of March 10th is, "Collected lecture evening, 9s, 4d." Our people were the first, it is said, to introduce evening services in Boston, and this record, March 10, 1793, probably refers to the first public evening meeting held by the "people called Methodists."

The whole amount collected during Mr. Cooper's stay was £9, 7s, 2 1-2d. The disbursements were: "Cash paid Ezekiel Cooper for tollage and from Lynn, 2s, 4d;" "paid hymn-book for E. Cooper, 3s;" "paid James Conner for the use of his room to preach in, £1, 4s; candles, 8s, at 10d, 7s, 6d; other items of rent, £1, 16s; candles, 4s, 6d. August (no day), "Attendance on Mr. Murray's meeting-house, 4s, 6d." "Paid Ezekiel Cooper at sundries £5, 5s, 10 1-2d." These are the expenditures during the stay of Ezekiel Cooper.

Concerning the item, "Mr. Murray's meeting-house," it may be said that Rev. John Murray, then the pastor of the First Universalist Church, corner of Hanover and North School Streets (now North Bennett Street), was very friendly to the Methodist enterprise. He was in early life a follower of Wesley, in England, and an occasional preacher in the Connecticut. Quite likely some meeting of more than common interest may have been held by the Methodists in his church, and the sexton fee was "four and sixpence." Murray was installed over the Universalist Church in 1793. Their old wooden church, with pitched roof and luthern windows, was built for the Congregationalist society under the pastorate of Rev. Samuel Mather.

When the "Methodist Alley" building enterprise was in progress, Mr. Murray invited Rev. George Pickering to come to his meeting-house and preach and take up a collection; notifying his people in these words: "Our Father's children, the Methodists, are to preach here this afternoon, and I want you all to be here and give them a good collection." The result is recorded in these words from the Church records: "Collected in Mr. Murray's meeting-house, \$22.30. The fathers held to 'sowing beside all waters.'"

THOS. GREEN.

Correspondence.

FROM CANADA.

Mr. Editor: The angel of death has again visited our ranks. This time his scythe has cut down Rev. Anson Green, D. D., who for fifty-five years was a Methodist minister in Canada. He entered the traveling connection the very year in which the work in Canada was separated from the old Genesee Conference. There were only some thirty-seven ministers in the Conference when he commenced his ministerial career, and somewhere about six thousand members in the Church; but he lived to witness more than a thousand ministers and a membership exceeding one hundred thousand.

From the first Mr. Green was popular as a preacher in the best sense of the word, and was made Presiding Elder at a much earlier period than usually falls to the lot of Methodist ministers. He was soon made secretary of Conference, and when he had traveled eighteen years, he was elected president of Conference. He filled the office a second time several years afterwards. During the years of his presidency, he traveled extensively and dedicated more than fifty churches. He also had the honor of officially recognizing Upper Canada Academy at Victoria College, and investing his friend, Rev. Egerton

Ryerson, with the keys of that institution, by which he was inaugurated president.

Dr. Green soon became an authority on all matters of Methodist doctrine and discipline. He was an able presiding officer, and never failed to win the admiration even of those who differed with him, by reason of the uprightness of his course, and the courtesy with which he administered the affairs of the Church with which he was entrusted; and yet he did not talk much in Conference, but when he gave an opinion, few would question his correctness, as he never expressed himself on disputed points without the most careful thought and investigation.

He was greatly honored by his brethren. They went him as their representative to the British Conference three times, and also to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, United States, twice. He had some onerous duties to perform in connection with the Canadian government in relation to the Indians, who were under the care of the Methodist Missionary Society. In all these important relations he proved himself to be worthy of the honors conferred upon him. Methodism in Canada has undergone many changes, to effect which Dr. Green performed much labor. He was a true Methodist, and was very desirous to see a unification of the Methodist bodies in Canada. He rejoiced greatly when a union was effected in 1876 between the Conferences of Eastern British America, Canada and the Methodist New Connection, and would have been glad if the Primitive Methodist and the Episcopal Methodist Conferences could have been induced to come into the union at the same time.

During the last years Dr. Green has been a great sufferer, and, doubtless, but for the great care which he bestowed upon his health, and the careful manner in which his beloved wife nursed him, he could hardly have survived so long as he did. In the autumn of each year he either visited the seashore, or spent some time at Saratoga or some other place of celebrity, from which he returned with renewed vigor. He attended the first great camp-meeting at Round Lake, N. Y., with which he was greatly delighted. His last illness was endured without a murmur. He often expressed himself as being almost home, and sent his love to his brother ministers, telling them that he was more than satisfied with the doctrines which he had preached, and urged them by all means to hasten to him. Thus he lingered and testified to the power of saving grace, and finally passed to his reward, Feb. 19, 1879, in the 78th year of his age.

The fathers of our Israel are fast passing away. In one year, Rev. J. Ryerson, W. Philip, C. Vandusen, A. Hurlburt, and Anson Green, D. D., have left us. Besides them, J. B. Corbett, J. M. Moore, S. W. Aldron, J. W. H. Robinson, E. S. Jones and E. Godman have all gone to their long home. The four last were comparatively young men, and were still in the active work, and many years of useful labor might have been expected from them, but the Master has said, "It is enough; come up higher."

Reply there is no lack of laborers for the vineyard of the Lord. God buries his workmen, but he carries forward the work. Not only are all our circuits supplied with laborers, but others are coming forward. Recently I was informed by Dr. Burwash, our theological professor at Cobourg, that there is a class of young men now undergoing instruction such as he does not remember to have seen before.

Winter continues. Vendor, our weather prophet, foretold of cold and snow in March, and his predictions have certainly come to pass. Fuel has been in great demand, and the poor in our cities and towns feel the pinching hand severely.

March, 1879.

NEW JERSEY CONFERENCE.

The 43d session of the New Jersey Annual Conference has just been held in Keyport, N. J. Bishop S. M. Merrill made his first visit to this body on this occasion, and opened the session at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 12th ult., by the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The church was filled with an interested congregation, and the services were solemn and impressive.

The service of the Bishop called the Conference to order, when one hundred and thirty of the members answered the roll-call. The Conference numbers about one hundred and thirty, including the list of supernumeraries, etc.

Rev. G. B. Wright was re-elected secretary, with a corps of assistants nominated by himself. The Conference is rather a fine-looking body generally, with a good sprinkling of different shades of gray, by way of variety, among the reverend heads. Dr. G. F. Brown delivered a semi-annual sermon, as Rev. T. Sovereign had done the year preceding. Rev. Dr. J. Lewis, and Rev. J. Ashbrook, who will complete their term of office in the next spring, have been invited to deliver their semi-annual sermons. Rev. Dr. C. H. Whitaker, A. K. Street, Samuel Jaquet, and James Caughey are bordering close upon the same interesting period in life and labors, with one or two others. This will show the venerable character of the body; yet but few of them are really infirm. Only one, a probationer, has died during the past year.

The usual standing committees were appointed, with no more than the usual discussion, except in one case. This was a committee on Conference relations, which elicited a warm and earnest debate. The reason was that the same committee last year had transcended the purpose of its appointment and its prerogative. It had turned out into a kind of "star chamber" inquisition, and gone into the investigation of unfounded rumors and private business affairs with a view to drive some, who were offensive or troublesome, to the Presiding Elders to seek a location. The Conference seemed unwilling this year to give them such unlimited power, and confined the limit of their authority to the question of physical ability, unless some case should be specially referred to them. There was an evident relief experienced in the minds of some when the decision was reached, and we think with good cause.

The financial reports all show a small decline from last year. This was to be expected, however. The stringency of the physical ability, unless some case should be specially referred to them. There was an evident relief experienced in the minds of some when the decision was reached, and we think with good cause.

The next Conference is to be held at Third Street, Camden, N. J., where it has been held already a number of times. Being a city of some thirty thousand, it can accommodate more than a thousand people in smaller places can do. The entertainment of the body in this place was most cordial and generous. No more hearty reception has been given us in years; but it has involved quite a heavy tax upon our brethren and friends.

The administration of Bishop Merrill was marked uniformly by great courtesy, kindness, and unbiased regard for the interests

of the members. His rulings have been generally, if not always, satisfactory. His preaching and addresses have been eminently orthodox, evangelical and telling, and have given great satisfaction. May the year upon which we now enter be one of unusual prosperity!

W. H. F.

FROM THE EAST.

Mr. Editor: I have just finished ten days' labor at Wayne, and God has been with us in power. The work of holiness has gone on gloriously, and backsliders have been reclaimed and some converted. Rev. S. Hooper has labored here with much success, and there is a general state of prosperity. This is the home of Brother Holman Johnson, who was converted in 1825 under the labors of Rev. Henry Frost, at Vassalboro, and he has been a member of the M. E. Church ever since. He has given the Methodist Church a parsonage, and helped very generously for the cause of holiness. He is now 81 years of age, and is quite feeble.

Kent's Hill Seminary is enjoying a prosperous term, with an increase of students in both the departments. The professors are not only devoted to their work, but are wholly devoted to God, and the work of holiness is going on with power. Rev. Charles Munger is pastor, and they spend the first year of their class-meetings studying the Holy Scriptures, especially those passages relating to Christian experience, and the power of God comes down upon them so that they are all melted before God. Here is Professor Morse (son of Rev. Charles Morse, of the Maine Conference); he is full of the spirit of his old father and of the Spirit of God. Prof. Chase is of the same spiritual state, and is doing much to lead the students to God. Prof. Stone is of the scientific department; he is a very thorough scholar, a devout Christian, and a great naturalist. Prof. Rich has got the normal department, and preaches every Sunday. Dr. Torrey is still suffering greatly from neuralgia, but his services for this school can never be estimated.

How is it that more of our Maine Methodists do not send their sons and daughters to this most excellent institution that has such a religious element in close connection with its intellectual facilities? Miss Perley is a graduate of this school, and has been to France and Germany to perfect her education. She is attracting French and German teachers to this school. This is a fine opportunity for those who wish to commence these studies, or for those who would perfect themselves therein.

I met Camp-meeting John Allen at Skowhegan. He has had a very pleasant and profitable time at Augusta as chaplain of the House of Representatives. He was in good health and excellent spirits, and was attending a temperance convention. E. D.

FROM THE PENOBSCOT VALLEY.

Mr. Editor: I or some of my family, have been here for many years, and we take it now, and read it, too, with pleasure and profit. I am interested in the articles written by Dr. Trafton, for many of them carry me back to the days of my boyhood. I have just finished reading his book, "Scenes in My Life," and while reading the names of Robinson, Greeley, Jones, Schenck, Jewett, Lovell, Marvin, and many others—names revered in my youth and loved in my maturer years—I felt I was a boy again.

It seems but yesterday, though fifty years have passed away, that I looked into the face of Ezekiel Robinson, the Presiding Elder at the camp-meetings of my childhood, and felt that I was looking into the face of an angel. Well, he is with the angels now, and sings a song they cannot sing—the song of redeeming grace and dying love. Will do I remember hearing Rev. J. H. Jenne preach at a camp-meeting, the first time he ever attempted to preach on a camp-meeting. I have never forgotten the text—Zechariah 4: 7: "Who art thou, O great mountain?" etc. He named his text, said a few words, and broke down, leaning his head forward on the Bible, and burst into tears. The ministers in the stand fell upon their knees in silent prayer. A gifted woman in the audience rose, and gave a powerful exhortation. Brother Jenne soon recovered himself and went on, and delivered a wonderful sermon.

Brother Schermerhorn was once stationed at North Buckport. He used frequently to stop at my father's. After preaching to the "Hink's school-house," one evening, he came home with my father to spend the night, and though a small boy at the time I well recollect the hymn he sang and the prayer he offered, and after he retired to his room heard him about "Glory to God!" I hardly expected to see him at breakfast next morning. I thought he might be translated during the night. I was indeed with awe. And then Stephen Lovell! I walked from Bucksport Centre (it is now) to Bangor and back—twenty-six miles—to hear him preach the sermon at the dedication of Pine Street Methodist Church, and felt well paid for my trouble. Would our young men of to-day do the like? I am not sure but now (with the weight of three-score years upon me) I would do the same again to hear as good a sermon.

R. A. RICH.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

Central Africa is receiving the special attention of the Church. Missions have been, and are to be, established at various points. The discoveries of Livingston led the Free Church of Scotland to move in the matter, and it resolved to commence the missionary work in Central Africa. Lake Nyassa was the point reached, and here the work commenced. Fifty thousand dollars were raised for the undertaking. The mission was opened and the work is progressing. But it is now thought there are other points more favorable, and one or more of them will be occupied. The country occupied by the Marvite people of Zulu origin, about 145 miles north of Livingstonia, on the west coast, is regarded as most favorable for missionary work, which will be commenced there very soon. The Free Church will push its missionary work there vigorously.

The Church Missionary Society commenced a mission on the Victoria Nyanza in 1875. The mission was started by one who styled himself "An unprofitable servant," and gave for the enterprise \$25,000. The Society has made a good beginning. Other liberal donations have been made, and the prospects of the mission are most encouraging.

The London Missionary Society, receiving most liberal offers of pecuniary

assistance, resolved on establishing a mission on Lake Tanganika, and the society has taken hold of the enterprise with much vigor, and no doubt will be successful. So the good work to redeem Central Africa has commenced. Men of large wealth are willing to give their thousands to redeem Africa. Other societies are contemplating entering the field. Why should they not do it at once? The field is ripe, ready for the harvest, and God calls the Church to take it for Him. Will she do it?

In the new Hebrides, in the South Pacific Ocean, the Gospel has achieved extraordinary triumphs. Rev. Mr. Inglis, who has been a missionary there for twenty-five years, said recently, in a missionary meeting in London: "When I went to Aneitum there was not a widow to be found on the island. There was not even a name in the language for widow, the reason being that the law doomed every woman, on the death of her husband, to be strangled, and her dead body to be thrown into the sea with his. Now, not only has this horrible practice entirely disappeared under the Christianizing influence of the missionaries, but the whole of this island, and another, have become Christians."

Canon George Rawlinson expresses his belief, in the *Princeton Review*, that the population of China amounts to 300,000,000—that the usual estimate of 400,000,000 is too high. Hon. S. Wells Williams, the author of "The Middle Kingdom," thinks that 340,000,000 is nearer the correct estimate. Dr. Legge, professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, is satisfied that the population cannot reach 400,000,000. During the Taiping rebellion, it is supposed that twenty millions of human beings were destroyed. Mr. Williams is of the opinion that the population is not much in advance of what it was in 1812. At the lowest estimate, the population is immense, and presents to the Christian Church a vast amount of missionary work to be done. China must be taken for Christ. Such should be the unanimous verdict of the Church.

The *Monthly Record* of Scotland says of the late World's Missionary Conference in London, a notice of which appeared in the *HERALD*: "In no one paper or speech did the faintest shadow of a doubt appear as to either the truth of Christianity or its ultimate triumph. Outside there might be men who were still at the point of debating the question of whether the Bible is in very truth the Word of God. Then, too, some were no doubt to be found who thought of the Christian religion as just one of several having some claims to be considered true. But inside that building the minds of all seemed thoroughly made up. With a quiet, unflinching confidence which was positively sublime in its strong simplicity, they talked of the conquest of the nations for Christ as if the achievement of that result was actually within sight."

Our Book Table.

In the Library edition of the British Poets, from the Riverside Press, we have, in two fine duodecimos, THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. The volumes are introduced by a biographical sketch of the poet by Robert Carruthers. Montgomery is the poetic editor; although as an editor he was rather a radical politician than a cultivator of the muses. He fell upon evil days, and as a true martyr for the freedom of the press, he was imprisoned in York Castle. Like Bunyan, he turned his prison life to good account, and wrote many of his poems while thus confined. He began to publish about the opening of the present century; his "West Indies," "The World Before the Flood," and "Pelican Island" appearing in succession between 1806 and 1827. He was called to lecture upon poetry and general literature at the Royal Institute in 1830-31, and thereafter took his place among the standard poets of his country. His hymns are still among the few that stand the test of time, and will continue to be sung down the ages. He was a devout Christian, and devoted all his endowments to the highest services for God and his fellow-men. His poetry is musical, simple, domestic, and often peculiarly picturesque in the description of scenery. He lived to be over eighty-two, dying on April 18, 1854, respected throughout Christendom.

In one duodecimo volume the same publishers, Houghton, Osgood & Co., issue THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GAY, introduced by Dr. Johnson's memoir of him. His young and very attractive face ornaments the volume. He began to write, as the poet of the Duchess of Monmouth, in 1712. He was a writer of dramas and comedies, of poetic fables and tales. He was a hanger-on upon courts, exposed to constant rebuffs of fortune, eager for position and for wealth, and disappointed in both. His dramatic pieces met with some success, and he was one of the first writers of the ballad opera. He died in 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, issue a new American edition of THE GRAMMAR OF PAINTING AND ENGRAVING, translated from the French of Charles Blanc, by Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett, with original engravings. Octavo, 320 pp. The present, although a very fine edition, is sold for \$3.00. When noting the original edition, issued from the Riverside Press, we took occasion to speak warmly and at length of its merits, both as an interesting record of the principles of art and art criticism for the general reader, and as a text-book for our seminaries where art lessons are given. The occasion of its first publication is suggestive. The writer was present at a dinner discussion among certain official guests, at a large municipal party, in which it was insisted that there were no established canons of criticism, as there "was no disputing concerning tastes." One gentleman turned to the author, and asked "if there were not some book in which the notions (criticisms) of art were presented in a form simple, clear and brief?" The answer was, that, while there were volumes on special branches, such as architecture, painting and sculpture, there was no single work covering the whole subject. And this was the occasion of the present volume. Well has the writer executed his task, and the translator has done good justice to the original text. We commend this volume to amateur artists and to our academic educators. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

We have from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, in two noble octavo volumes (583, 506 pp., price \$4.50), M. Jules Simon's very vivid description of THE GOVERNMENT OF M. THIERS, from Feb. 8, 1871, to May 24, 1873. It is difficult to write a judicial record of events in the generation in which they occur; but what is lost in philosophical discussion and estimates of judgment is more than compensated by vividness of description and fullness of detail. M. Jules Simon writes of what he saw, and of events in which he himself was an important actor. No one better understood his great subject, and the leading principles which influenced his administration at the inauguration of the French Republic. The history opens with the elections after the capitulation of Paris, and the establishment of peace. It gives a graphic relation of the horrors of the Commune. The second volume gives a clear account of the sharp struggle between the royalists and republicans in the Chambers, the liberation of the French territory from the German invaders, and the close of Thiers' administration, with the exciting discussions on May 24. Thiers "was (then) no longer President of the Republic, but he was its chief." The volumes recount events of so late occurrence that they will be read with great interest by those who watched, on this side, the progress of affairs. Few dared then believe in the perpetuity of the Republic. The reaction came, and then, once more, before our own eyes, the republicanism of Thiers has triumphed.

We noticed, a few weeks since, the sermons of Rev. William A. Butler, M. A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. These were models of fervid eloquence and conscientious interpretation of the inspired Word. The same publishers, Robert Carter & Brothers, issue, in two uniform duodecimo volumes (price \$2.50), THE LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY, delivered before his University classes. The first volume is a discussion of the Science of Mind, of Greek Philosophy, and its different schools. The second volume is quite an exhaustive presentation of the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophies. The whole work exhibits a rare union of exact knowledge expressed in the most persuasive and eloquent terms. It will be a valuable book of reference for scholars in psychology, and an excellent text-book for advanced pupils in the history of philosophy.

From the same house we have a new edition of Taylor Lewis' SIX DAYS OF CREATION; or, The Scriptural Cosmogony. We read it, with a profound impression of its scholarship and the deep conviction of its author of the real strength of his positions, more than twenty years ago. Other scholars from the ranks of the half-developed intimations of nature as to what must, or ought, to be the interpretation of Genesis. The late great and reverend Greek and Biblical scholar of Union College seeks to discover, by an exhaustive exegesis of the inspired Word itself, what is the revelation of the beginning of things which has pleased God himself to make. The work is just as valuable now as when written, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and is an excellent mental discipline for the reading of the Biblical scholar, as well as a thorough verbal exposition of the sacred text relating to the creative days of the Genesis.

Harper & Brothers publish a very interesting antiquarian volume, entitled, THE NEW PURITANS; Some Account of the Life of Robert Fitch, 1726-1807. Robert Fitch was a citizen of Salisbury, Mass., born in England, and dying in his New England home in 1796, at the great age of ninety-one. The life of Fitch, in connection with this venerable man, keeping his memory fresh, at this late date, was his brave and long-continued struggle with his minister, and the General Court of the Colony, in defense of the right of petition, of the rights of persecuted Quakers, and his protestation against the persecutions for witchcraft. A pretty full sketch of the times from 1635 (when, nineteen years of age, he came to this country) to the time of his death, is given, making a very interesting volume, and throwing much light upon the early eventful years of the Massachusetts colony.

From the same house, in their series of ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS, edited by John Morley, we have, DUNSTON DEFOE, the Boston Journalist of the Seventeenth Century, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," "Journal of the Plague in London," and of many other fictions—none of them, however, worthy to compare with the inimitable story that has made his name immortal. Defoe was born in 1661, and died a homeless wanderer, neglected by his son, in 1731. He was not an exemplary one. It is better to remember him in Robinson Crusoe. His biographer says of him that he was a wonderful mixture

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879.

There seems to be no period of rest vouchsafed to us in these days from revelations of fraud and breaches of trust. Catholic archbishops, Congregational deacons, Baptist trustees, Episcopal Sunday-school superintendents, and Methodist stewards, alike in their turn, bring grief upon the hearts of their brethren and ruin upon their own and their families. Last week the father of a family, Mr. Nathan B. Pratt, of Reading, of the First Congregational Church, was arraigned for appropriating the sacred funds of a savings bank; his children involved with him in the crime, and, as is reported, dragging him down by their previous dishonesties. In addition to this sad case, a Lynn business man, heretofore much respected, Mr. Whittle, of the Baptist Church, runs away from his wrecked business, his suffering reputation, and his destitute family. These times take on the aspects of the judgment. They are causing the disclosures of long-covered transgressions, in the instances of persons never, heretofore, suspected. What must meet the Divine eye, looking down, daily, into human hearts? And what astonishing disclosures will be made when the thoughts, ad purposes, and acts of all men lay open and revealed, in the light of the final judgment! Something more than the preaching of ethics is required at this hour. The helplessness of human resolution and the irresistible power of temptation, unless a Divine hand is constantly grasped, and daily watchfulness and prayer secure the promised presence and power of the world's Saviour, must be earnestly and persistently set forth.

"It is an ill wind that blows no-whar," Aunt Chloe says in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We have certainly some reason to be thankful that ex-Governor Hubbard's many coachman has married his beautiful daughter. Not that we commend marriages without the parental confidence and approbation; but the incident has brought about an amazing newspaper relief. Up to the moment of its occurrence, the leading papers of the land were discussing the fortunes and misfortunes of the various foolish and reckless pedestrians of both sexes, who have been walking against time and nature, for the observation and amusement of gaping and drinking crowds. The burden of this daily report of foot-pads was becoming too grievous to be borne, when, happily, this democratic marriage (on one side) set all tongues and pens to wagging about something else. Grave editorial leaders have been written to prove that one man is as good as another, and sometimes a little better! A leading New York paper goes into an elaborate argument to prove the propriety of a well-behaved, intelligent, moral young man marrying a gentleman's daughter. The writer cites some of the leading names in American history in justification of the astonishing act! What are we coming to? Many a wealthy father and mother might, or ought, to be glad enough to have an honest fellow, however limited his cultivation or humble his social position, marry a daughter, rather than the expelled profligate collegian, or the professional rascal, whose follies and vices are the shame of an honored parentage. It is character and not capital that any sensible man will set the highest estimate upon when the most vital interests of a child are at stake.

Some people are constitutionally inclined to melancholy. They take a morbid view of everything which touches their lives. If they see a slight fault in a diamond otherwise beautiful, they have no eye for its beauty, but only for its defect. Such natures are to be pitied. It is very difficult to make them into either happy or useful Christians. Old Thomas Watson says of them: "Late strings when they are wet will not sound; when the spirit is sad and melancholy, a Christian is out of tune for spiritual actions." This is true. Melancholy Christians are like men who wear blue spectacles which cause all things to wear a dark tint. Even the Saviour does not appear to such souls as He really is. His loveliness and His readiness to save are but partially seen by their gloomy vision. In looking at themselves they are also at fault, by viewing themselves apart from the grace by which we are saved. And by this disposition "they tempt the devil to tempt them" to despair and other sins.

But even to them Jesus says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Would such souls search for the bright side of things, look steadfastly away from self to Jesus, and pray in faith for victory, they would conquer gloriously. Nature is strong, but grace is stronger.

Religion is like learning in that it cannot be made easy, albeit many languid disciples think they would like to be very spiritually-minded if they could be so without agonizing prayer and painful self-denial. In this they resemble a fashionable lady, who, when engaged a teacher of languages, stipulated that "he should not plague her with verbs and participles." She wished to speak French, but was not earnest enough to put forth the effort necessary for its acquisition. So these disciples, lacking genuine, deep-rooted aspirations after spirituality, decline the only conditions on which it can be gained. Hence their hearts remain like those pieces of land on which the indolent farmer has left unsightly stumps and unnumbered stones. Unbefitted by the graces of the Spirit, unproductive of the fruits of holiness, uncomfortable in their consciences, they neither enjoy God nor the world. They are a puzzle to their human friends, and a perplexity to the Head of the Church, who gazes upon them with pitiful eyes and asks, "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?" Having such a character, how can these lovers of sweet religious indolence expect admission to that earnest throng whose members have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"

When the neighboring town of Reading was the rendezvous of several of our regiments while drilling, before they left for the seat of war, a gentleman visiting there saw, one day, a soldier scouring and polishing his musket with great vigor and quite absorbed in his work. "Where are you going, my good fellow?" said the gentleman, addressing him in a pleasant tone of voice. The soldier hardly lifted his eyes, but kept on brightening his musket barrel. "I don't know," he said; "it isn't my business to know; but somebody knows probably." Of the two hundred and more Methodist ministers assembling this week in Worcester, if the question were asked scores of them, "Where are you going?" the answer might very properly be similar to that of the brave soldier. "They do not know where they are going." It is not their special business. Bishops and Presiding Elders do not yet know where they are going; but somebody knows! There is in one mind a plan of the whole campaign; and if His will is sought, He will have a proper position in the line for every one of His militant host.

God has exhaustless reserves. He cannot be baffled by any emergency that may arise in the life of one of His true servants. He knows the fitting moment to uncover the magazines of His strength, giving His faithful ones often a real surprise—an easy and illustrious triumph. One of the old writers says: "God is wise to conceal the succors He intends in the several changes of thy life, that so He may draw thy heart into an entire dependence on His faithful promise. Thus, to try the metal of Abraham's faith, He let him go on till his hand was stretched forth, and then came to his rescue. Christ sends His disciples to sea, but stays behind Himself, on a design to try their faith and show His love. Comfort thyself, therefore, with this: 'Though thou seest not thy God in the way, yet thou shalt find Him in the end.' These mysteries which are connected with the divine administration teach the great lesson of trust. It is safe to trust where we cannot trace. At the auspicious moment the reserves will be drawn upon, manifestly, our trust will be honored, and God eminently glorified.

THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

When the pastoral side of the preacher's work is referred to, it is usually associated chiefly with family visitation. It embraces this, indeed, but the visiting is a very small part of the pastoral work. A minister ought certainly, in some way, to become familiarly acquainted with all his members, so as to recognize them when he meets them, and to call them by name. There is a wonderful power in a kindly grasp of the hand and a friendly pronouncement of the name. These are modest, shrinking, self-deprecating members that never thrust themselves forward, but keenly feel, and suffer from, neglect. It is a small service, but an important one, to advance towards such and proffer to them the symbol of Christian respect and esteem. A particularly modest and retiring pastor of our acquaintance is eminently faithful in this respect. At the close of social meetings he hastens to the door that he may grasp the hand and offer a kindly word to all that have been present, young and old, as they go out. "Do you really mean what you say?" said an evidently grateful Christian woman to a preacher, as he shook hands with her, and gave her his usual salutation. "You say you are happy to meet me; do you mean it? I certainly am happy to hear you say so." "Have you any reason to doubt my sincerity?" was his response. She had none; and that simple, natural, fraternal greeting had won her abiding regard for the pastor.

It is not social visiting, however, that meets the requisition of the pastoral office. There are some ministers who are excellent pastors, but perfectly helpless as social visitors. They have no facility for small talk. They cannot make themselves agreeable to young people by the happy relation of amusing stories. They have never been accustomed to run from house to house, to drop in at all hours, to pride

themselves upon their informality, happening upon families at meal times, spending hours in lively trifling, perhaps smoking with the male head of the household, and considered a "perfect brick" by the grown-up boys. This is not pastoral visiting. There is no more reason why a minister should run around loose in this way than any other member of the Church. He may have his friends where he familiarly visits, as any Christian man, not specially as a pastor, but he always carries the minister with him, he must remember, wherever he goes as a minister.

Pastoral visiting, after the first round to become acquainted with his flock, is as much a portion of his religious work as preaching or presiding in social meetings. It is to be impartially done. It is to be exercised where it is most needed. It is to embrace the whole flock, especially the exposed, the wanderers, and those whose physical condition through sickness, and their loss of religious opportunities, render the presence and religious exercises of the minister especially grateful. The visits should be made when the family can be best seen. The portion of the pastoral field to be explored may be properly announced beforehand, so that his visits will be expected. These visits are not simply to take tea and have a social chat, but for spiritual purposes; and the children should never be overlooked on such occasions. The women of the Church are not alone to be visited, as they usually are, but the male members also. If these cannot be met at home, they should be sought at their places of work or business, not for a few moments' chat, but for a serious talk as to their present moral condition. They are to be encouraged to be present at the social meetings and to bear their portion of the responsibility in conducting them.

But all this is only the smallest part of the pastoral service. The great thing to be done is to organize the Church for Christian work. We have known a large Church of several hundred members, in the midst of a city population, doing nothing outside of its own walls. It has good congregations and lively prayer-meetings; it teaches the children that come to the Sunday-school, but makes no effort to obtain others. There is no personal missionary work done among the impenitent and dying thousands within the sound of its Sabbath bell. Now the great work of the pastor is to plan the outside labors for his people and lead them forth, setting them an example of personal effort beyond the sanctuary walls. Young people can enter upon certain forms of Christian labor, such as seeking out children for the Sabbath-school, and finding out the poor needing clothing that they may come. They can bear tracts with them and sow the good seed as they go. The sisters of the Church can be very useful in visiting to see at regular intervals all the families of the Church, especially the sick and poor, and to invite Churchless families to attend upon the house of God. The young men will be developed and strengthened by being commissioned to enter upon some portion of the great field, to look especially after those of their own age not regular attendants upon the house of God, but falling into some of the many lines of temptation that run through city life. There are older brethren who need encouraging, warning, persuading to attend the class and prayer-meetings, and to accustom themselves to public prayer and exhortation.

This is true pastoral work, and, as any one can see, it is a very serious and onerous business. But our Churches are suffering for the lack of just this form of ministerial labor. They need to be educated in Christian work, and to be led out into the great field. There is something anomalous in a Christian Church of four or five hundred members, surrounding themselves with the attractive walls of their pleasant sanctuary and shutting out all the surrounding population from any spiritual benefit from the divine light and grace which they have received. Christ sent His twelve apostles out not simply to build churches, but to save the world. We send a few hundred missionaries to save India; not to gather into little companies and hear preaching and sing lively songs, but to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature they can reach. Our Churches should be centres of religious power. The members are to delay only at their altar, in their beloved Jerusalem, until they are endued with the Holy Ghost, and then they are to go out, all through the week, to evangelize the world around them.

Such large views of the pastoral work should be taken, and no minister, however modest or diffident, will shrink from it. It is the sublimest as well as most practical portion of his ministerial office. It is following in Christ's footsteps, who preached His marvelous sermons, and then sent His disciples out, two and two, while He labored Himself to continue the work. No Church can preserve its spiritual life unless thus set at work. Talking and singing in meetings will not save the membership from backsliding. They will soon neglect the class-meeting, then the prayer-meeting, and then become irregular at the preaching. If actively engaged in this evangelizing work, they will be constantly bringing to class and prayer-meetings the persons with whom they have been conversing, and whom they have persuaded to commence the divine life. Let us remember that the field is not simply the pulpit, the pews and the prayer circle, but the world.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Congress is again in session. It is a new Congress, the forty-sixth, and for the first time since 1861, the Democrats have a majority in both branches. In regular course of events this Congress would not have assembled until December; but the last Congress having come to the limit of its term on the 4th of March without making necessary appropriations for carrying on the government after the current financial year, which ends June 30, it became necessary for the President to call the new Congress together to provide the means for continuing the operation of the machinery of government. Appropriation bills have failed before, but never, we believe, under quite the same circumstances as in this case, and the conditions are such that they ought to attract the serious attention of the whole people.

A bad practice has grown up in Congress of attaching to the appropriation bills measures of general legislation which have no legitimate place in them. Each House has a rule designed to prevent the practice, except when the proposed legislation is in favor of economy; but under cover of that exception, some way is found to avoid the force of the rule, and violate the principle which ought to be rigidly adhered to, that the appropriation bills shall contain no irrelevant matter. Sometimes measures of great importance, which have for some reason failed to get acted on independently, are attached to appropriation bills as the only way of securing their passage. Sometimes measures are attached to one House in the hope that the other will accept them rather than have the bill fail, and that the President, even if disapproving the particular legislation, will let it become law rather than veto a bill of this character. Both parties have indulged in this method of forcing legislation unpalatable to the other, and are blame-worthy for encouraging it; but the business has never yet been carried to the extreme now threatened.

There are three things now authorized by laws passed during the period of Republican supremacy, which the Democratic party is very anxious to forbid and prevent. As matters now stand, a class of people who served in the Rebellion, and consequently cannot take what is known as the test oath, are incompetent to serve on juries in the United States courts. This is a condition peculiarly offensive to the Southern Democracy, and one which they wish to be rid of. There is another provision of law which allows the stationing of troops about the polls to preserve order at elections, and this is repugnant to the Democratic party. The last House of Representatives attached amendments to appropriation bills repealing the laws under which these things are done. The Republicans, believing these laws not so necessary now as they have been, were willing they should be repealed; indeed, the Senate had passed an act repealing one of them, which was awaiting action in the House. But the Republicans did strenuously object to the repeal, upon which the Democrats insisted, of certain laws enacted to preserve the purity of elections when members of Congress and a President were being voted for, by preventing illegal registration and illegal voting.

The gist of these laws, which are commonly known as the supervisory laws, is as follows: It is provided, upon the application of a certain number of citizens to a judge of the United States Court at a proper time previous to any election, or any registration of voters for an election where members of Congress are to be voted for, that the judge shall appoint two supervisors for each polling-place in the Congressional district, who shall attend the registration, the voting, and the canvass of the votes, to see that everything is done according to law and in a fair and orderly manner. The law provides that these two supervisors appointed by the judge shall belong to different political parties, so that neither shall have an advantage. It is also provided that the United States marshal shall appoint special deputy marshals in cities to attend the election places, to make arrests of any person offering to vote illegally or violating any laws of the United States, or of the State. These laws were not enacted to protect the negroes in the South so much as to protect the honest citizens of the North. They were passed after New York was fraudulently carried for Seymour, in 1868, by the notorious frauds of the Tweed ring in New York city; when there is good reason to believe that the frauds in that city alone, by repeating, by false counting, etc., amounted to 50,000 votes. That was the year when a secret circular, over the name of S. J. Tilden, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, was sent all over the State to Democratic local committees, requesting them to telegraph at the earliest moment the estimated result; and when the returns in the city were kept back an extraordinary time, and showed, when made public, enormous and plainly fictitious Democratic majorities, sufficient in the aggregate to make the large Republican majority in the rest of the State. It is fair to say that Tilden denied any knowledge of the circular to which his name was attached. He seems to be uncommonly unfortunate in the matter of getting mixed up in the crooked transactions of his political friends.

The object of this law is excellent, and it is plain that the prevalent corruption of politics, especially in large cities, makes some such measure necessary. It has been very effective to prevent frauds; but the Democracy, strangely enough, insist upon its immediate repeal. We desire to make no comment on their attitude now, but only to call attention to the desperate effort making to accomplish their aim. They attached a clause to one of the appropriation bills repealing all these laws, and leaving the ballot-box without protection, except what local laws might provide for. The Senate would not consent. The House refused to recede from its demand, and the bill failed, with other bills that might have passed but for this. Therefore, when Congress adjourned, the administration was without means to carry on several departments of the government after the 30th of June. An extra session of Congress, with its great and needless expenses, had to be called.

What is now proposed to be done? The leaders of the majority threaten—indeed, they have determined in caucus—to attach the repealing clauses to the appropriation bills again, being now able to carry them so loaded down through both Houses of Congress by a party majority. The bills will then go to the President, who must either sign them, or return them unsigned. The majority in Congress is not sufficient to pass the bills over the veto, but it is threatened that if the President vetoes them, or any of them, they will adjourn, leaving the government without supplies. The attitude taken by the Democratic leaders amounts to this: The laws protecting the integrity of the ballot-box and preventing frauds at elections, shall be wiped off the statute-book, or the government shall be broken up. It is not essentially a different position from that taken by the leaders of the same party in 1861, when they made war upon the Union because the government was in the hands of men who would not use it for the extension and protection of the wrong of slavery.

The President is quite right in standing firm against this concerted attack on the ballot-box, for it is every honest man's interest to prevent fraud at elections, and the government cannot endure otherwise. We have great hopes that it will appear, if the present programme is attempted to be carried out, that there will be Democrats now, as there were in 1861, who, when the alternative is directly presented of inviting anarchy for the sake of making election frauds easy and safe, or of supporting the administration in the constitutional exercise of its powers for the protection of the rights and liberties of all citizens, will prefer the patriotic to the partisan course. It is singularly unfortunate, and does not tend to confidence, that the Democratic party should signalize its coming to power by forcing a crisis which imperils the nation's safety. Nothing can be plainer to thoughtful men than the proposition that whoever weakens the guards against dishonesty in elections is aiming a blow at the vitals of the nation's life.

Editorial Items.

After a long period of great physical weakness and confinement, borne with Christian resignation, our excellent Doctor David Patten, of Boston University, on Wednesday afternoon, March 26, breathed his last. No man among us had fewer enemies (it is doubtful if he ever had one), and he never lost a friend. He was an accomplished scholar, a patient and skillful teacher, a very acceptable preacher, a popular academic principal, a model Christian gentleman, a loyal Methodist, although of the broadest catholicity of charity, and an unassuming, but devoted, pure, sweet-spirited and earnest disciple of Jesus. We remember him well in his young manhood—a student at Wilbraham, a loving companion of the late Bishop Baker, preaching to his fellow students persuasive and tender discourses, in the dining hall of the old boarding-house. And we also recollect him equally well as Principal of the Academy in 1867, after his graduation from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in which position he was greatly beloved and eminently useful.

Dr. Patten was born in Boston, Oct. 15, 1810. His father, whose name he bore, was for many years one of the pillars of Broadfield Street Church, a man of a singularly even and heavenly frame of mind and of an exemplary and consecrated life. The late Rev. Thomas C. Polce was an apprentice of David Patten, Senior, leaving his carpenter's bench to enter upon the ministry, and always revering the excellent man whose counsels and encouragement were the inspiration of his early Christian life. Dr. Patten entered the itinerant ministry in 1841, being transferred from the New England Conference, which he had joined at his graduation in 1837, to the Providence Conference, and stationed in Chestnut Street, in the city of Providence. Afterwards he was called, in succession, the pastorate in Nantucket; Elm Street, New Bedford; Fall River; Providence, Mathewson Street, and Warren. In 1859 he was Presiding Elder of Providence district. From '54 to '96 he was Professor of Theology in the newly-established Theological School at Concord, N. H. From '67 to '73 he was Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology of Boston University; the Biblical School at Concord having been removed to this city. Since that period, his health beginning to fail, he has been an agent of the University and the Secretary of the Board of Trustees. His Alma Mater gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1855. He leaves behind him his widow—a so well-known to many of our students as Miss Maria A. Morry, and so much beloved wherever her honored husband preached—and two sons.

The funeral services of Dr. Patten were very impressive. They were held at Broadfield Street Church on Saturday afternoon—the church at whose altar he was converted, and of which his venerable father, when he died, was the president of its board of stewards and leaders. A large audience was in attendance. Dr. Warren made a very appropriate and appreciative address. Rev. Y. M. Simons, formerly pastor of Broadfield Street Church, poured the light of the immortal life down upon the face of death in his eloquent sentences. Bishop Haven and the editor of ZION'S HERALD dwelt upon their personal reminiscences of their revered friend. Bishop Foster offered a fervent prayer. Drs. Thayer, Studley, and Mallou took part in the devotional services.

The life of the late Dr. Thomas M. Eddy, by Dr. Charles N. Sims, which we have already announced as in press, is now issued. It makes a beautifully-published duodecimo of 392 pages, and has for its frontispiece a fine engraved portrait of its subject. It creates a fresh sense of the great loss of the Church and of personal bereavement to look again upon that earnest face and to glance over these interesting memorial pages. Bishop Simpson introduces the work with a touching and very appreciative portrait of character and the relation of personal reminiscences. The subject is made largely to be his own biography. The author has shown good taste in availing himself of the abundance of material at his hand and supplied by the loving diligence of the bereaved widow of our departed friend. Dr. Eddy could not help being a vivacious correspondent, as he was the life of every circle that he entered. His home letters are delightful. The volume will be read with melancholy pleasure by those who have still a vivid memory of the man, and with profit by all, as the picture of a truly manly man, an earnest Christian, an eloquent pulpit orator, and a faithful and eminently successful minister of the Gospel. The volume is for sale by J. P. Magee.

No one can hear Mr. Anthony Comstock relate the incidents of his work as a voluntary detective, in ferreting out the ungodly rascals from their concealed dens, who are engaged in the frightful work of poisoning the minds of the youth of the land by the issuing of impure circulars, books and pictures, and in the manufacture of almost inconceivably vile instruments of vice, without being impressed with the conviction that God has called and commissioned this singularly shrewd, plucky, and devout man, every way adapted to his ungrateful task, for his persistent crusade; and without being also filled with amazement and horror at the breadth of the conspiracy against the virtue of the land, the brazen impudence and wickedness of the fiends engaged in this work, the appalling success which they have secured in the sale of their corrupting material, and the great exposure at the present time of our children in the public schools, and the youth of both sexes in academies and seminaries. The report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the officers of which are some of the first citizens of the metropolis, reveals a diabolical and fraudulent plan to collect by false pretensions signatures to a petition throughout the country for the repeal of the law of Congress forbidding the use of the U. S. Mail for the distribution of immoral literature. The monster petition, thus secured, of 70,000 names, was followed by personal addresses before a congressional committee by parties interested in this nefarious business, and the friends, male and female, of such foes of good society as Heywood, of this vicinity, whose pardon by the President, on the recommendation of U. S. Attorney Devens, was obtained by much the same fraudulent use of respectable names as secured the signatures to the petition for the repeal of the law. But when Mr. Comstock simply related his facts and showed the results of his investigations before the committee, they unanimously reported "that the post-office was not established to carry instruments of vice or obscene writings, indecent pictures or lewd books." During the last year the good work has been going bravely on. Five tons of the vile stuff have been destroyed, and in a number of instances convictions have been secured against notorious manufacturers of it.

An anniversary meeting was held in Boston at the hall of the Y. M. C. Union, last Thursday afternoon. It was well attended by leading merchants and professional men of the city. Rev. E. E. Hale presided and opened the speaking, after a fervent prayer by Dr. Gordon, with a calm, strong and admirable address, insisting that a State had no right to exist that could not conserve the purity of its citizens. Secretary Comstock gave, with a thrilling simplicity and earnestness, the incidents of his work during the year, and Dr. John Hall, of New York, made an address of electric eloquence and overwhelming power in defense and advocacy of Mr. Comstock's work. The address of the meeting was excellent. It was generally felt that the work must go on, and that our citizens have too much at stake in their families to permit the usefulness of the society to be limited for lack of funds. Chas. J. Bishop, esq., President of the Central North Bank, 141 Devonshire Street, is treasurer of the New England Society.

The Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals held its anniversary on Tuesday, the 25th, at the Tremont Temple, in the presence of a good audience, with the Governor and ex-Governor of the Commonwealth upon the platform. We look upon this Society as marking a high-water point of moral civilization, and exhibiting one of the consummate blossoms of that religion whose Author "cares for the oxen." Phillips Brooks eloquently reasoned on the occasion that Christianity had clothed all life with a greater glory. Because these speechless ones are the creatures of our great common Father, as well as for their own sake, although silent appeals to our manhood, they have claims upon our protection and preservation from abuse. The vigorous societies in New York and Boston have noble records of faithful service and large results. Much has been accomplished to soften the sufferings of these servants of man, and to restrain the brutal passions and habits of those who have made the inanimate creation the victims of their barbarism. President George T. Angell, Nathan Appleton, esq., Phillips Brooks, Wendell Phillips, and Rev. James Freeman Clarke, spoke eloquently on the occasion, and J. Boyle O'Reilly, of the Boston Pilot, read a fine pathetic poem, which we shall publish hereafter. We wish this excellent and truly Christian society the highest success and the widest influence.

The Commonwealth says, unless the women desire above all things else to be named as Harvard proteges, the better thing for them would be to place themselves at once in Boston University, where every door is open, every department ready to welcome, and the best of instruction and the best of example are to be placed before them. Moreover, the University stands for a principle in the uniform and just education of the sexes, and there are noble women in Boston who will look after the welfare and comfort of the women-students equally well with the best in Cambridge. The odds, therefore, are with the Boston University in a right conception of the duty and interest pertaining to the great question of the fullest education of the scholarly young women of the land. Zion's Herald speaks of the Harvard movement as "pitiful" in its selfishness, and we concur with it. It is, indeed, a selfish, though possibly an inevitable, step; but the Boston University, from the first, has grasped the idea and scope of a general and impartial education for all.

As we go to press we find in the morning prints the following sad announcement: Brother Gordon was one of the rising men of the Conference, a faithful, successful worker. He is a sad loss to the Connection.—
"Rev. Lyman E. Gordon, the pastor at the Tabernacle Methodist Church in Manchester, N. H., died yesterday morning of diph-

theria, aged 32. He leaves a widow and one child. Mr. Gordon came to this city April 1, 1875, to take charge of the society, then in a disorganized state, and with a considerable debt hanging over it; but by energetic management the society has been consolidated, the debt largely reduced, and it is now in a comparatively prosperous state. The remains will be taken to Landford for burial. He was a man of marked ability, great energy, and of fine promise in his denomination. He was a member of the Knights of Honor, belonged to the Masonic Fraternity, and was the chaplain of the reform club.

The Daily Advertiser of this city thinks "Boston owes a monument" to John Cotton, whom Mather called "the father and glory of Boston." To the extent of a long and learned article it supports the suggestion that a memorial theological professorship be established in Cambridge as such monument. The excellent proposition needs but a single amendment, and that is as to location. Any monument which "Boston" proposes to build in honor of her own father should of course be within her own municipality, and if it is to be a theological professorship, it should, of course, be in her own theological school rather than in that of a neighboring town. Here it would be in a University which bears the very name given to the city in honor of Cotton, an institution which is of like precious faith as that preached by him, and by the Mathers, and which is actually presided over by a grandson of Cotton Mather—Warren. We move the amendment.

We have received a copy of the Fourteenth Annual Report of the mission stations, and the fifteenth annual session of the North India Conference. It was held at Lucknow, Jan. 9-14. Our correspondents have described its incidents. This pamphlet, which contains 94 octavo pages, gives a full and very encouraging view of the mission work and its present condition in Upper India. It is significant to see the established order of a Methodist Conference fully carried out under the shadow of the Himalaya mountains. There were 1,468 members in the mission Churches and 1,038 probationers, an increase for the year, of both classes, of 238. There are twenty-six preaching stations. In both Northern and Southern India a broad foundation has been laid, and the work is going for a much more rapid growth in years to come, if the faith and contributions of American Methodists fall not.

We have referred several times to the Thirteenth Report of the Board of Church Extension of our Church. The document is now published in a complete form by the Society. The monster petition, thus secured, of 70,000 names, was followed by personal addresses before a congressional committee by parties interested in this nefarious business, and the friends, male and female, of such foes of good society as Heywood, of this vicinity, whose pardon by the President, on the recommendation of U. S. Attorney Devens, was obtained by much the same fraudulent use of respectable names as secured the signatures to the petition for the repeal of the law. But when Mr. Comstock simply related his facts and showed the results of his investigations before the committee, they unanimously reported "that the post-office was not established to carry instruments of vice or obscene writings, indecent pictures or lewd books." During the last year the good work has been going bravely on. Five tons of the vile stuff have been destroyed, and in a number of instances convictions have been secured against notorious manufacturers of it.

We are writing this notice with one of the vest-pocket stylographic fountain pens, manufactured by C. W. Livermore, 102 Orange Street, Providence, R. I. We have used one of these pens now, for six months. The full size pen lasts us, with all our editorial writing, a full week without being refilled. It can be charged without the slightest difficulty in a moment. It does not easily get out of order, and when clogged at any time, it can be cleaned without use, or by any sediment in the ink, can be readily cleaned. The vest-pocket size is very handy, holding enough ink to report for a day the proceedings of a meeting. It writes like a sharp-pointed pencil without requiring the use of the knife to keep it in order. Now that we have become used to it we could not do without it. The publisher of ZION'S HERALD will have specimens of the different kinds with him at the Conferences to supply such of the ministers as desire to purchase them. See advertisement on another page for prices.

The National Repository for April is an interesting number. We read, first of all, the editorial on the "Conservation of Methodism." It is in his best vein. Dr. Wentworth has an interesting descriptive article upon the Upper Hudson. Rev. G. Draper writes as one who has looked with his own eyes upon the scenes he describes in Geneva. An illustrated article upon Milton's Satan is republished from the Dublin University Magazine. Rev. S. S. Martin writes upon Versailles and its Associations. Mrs. Dickinson concludes her very effective story—Among Thorns; and other entertaining and instructive articles and miscellany fill up the number.

H. La Feta, in the Valparaiso Record of Feb. 20, gives an interesting account of a visit he had just made to attend a Conference of William Taylor's workers at Coquimbó. Although not a great number were present, they had reports from all. At Coquimbó, where Brother Higgins is pastor, they have an average attendance of 51, and a Sunday-school of 45. They had raised all the expenses, salary of pastor, etc., and had money in the treasury, and what was better, had considerable religious interest. Mr. Higgins has a number of out-stations, where he is equally successful, and where his main charge, and good prospect of establishing regular Churches. Altogether the field is white for harvest.

The Art Magazine for April has for its frontispiece a fine whole-page engraving, entitled "The Northwest Passage," from a picture painted by Millais. The first article is an illustrated sketch of John Everett Millais, R. A. with a portrait of the artist. An interesting paper upon decorated architecture, beautifully illustrated, follows. In the series of papers upon American Art and Artists we have a sketch of Benjamin West. A delightful paper is contributed upon "Dartmouth and the Dart on the Devonshire Coast;" another on the art exhibition at Nottingham. The number is among the most attractive of the issues. Published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin, N. Y. \$2.75 a year.

Dr. Traiton writes from Springfield, March 27.—
"MR. EDITOR: Your types did wonderfully well in setting up my article 'To Calvary,' etc., considering I could not see the proof, but there was one error which, by my historical reputation, I wish to correct. I am made to assert that the French missionaries are left in doubt as to which of my uncles is non est. To all my correspondents I wish to say that hereafter, until I change my name, I am William H. Weston, Mass. My post-office is Wollaston Heights, Mass."

The Family.

AT CEDARCROFT.

BY PROF. B. F. LEGGETT.

With songful heart so still at last
And brimmed with rest for aye,
He cannot know the shadow cast
Upon his hills to-day!

So dear, so dear, to all the land—
They loved him young and old.
The generous heart, the friendly hand,
The man of royal mould.

How many homes for him are lone,
How many eyes are dim,
While winds of winter wail and moan
A solemn dirge for him!

Sad voices of his name repeat
And call for him in vain.
And watch and wait his homeward feet
To lighten loss and pain.

And one who loves his memory well
Looks back through misty tears,
Beyond the shadow's woven spell
Upon the vanished years.

The Kennett hills were robbed in green
And dined with songs of morn,
The valleys wore the meadow's sheen
And waved with wheat and corn.

The hedgerows made the wayides fair
Through tangled sun and shade,
Where through the sweet June-haunted air
A dusty pilgrim strayed.

What songs made glad the summer ways,
Of bird and leaf and breeze,
Till Cedarcroft, to longing gaze,
Rose 'mid her ancient trees.

The open gate and shadowed way,
The vine-encumbered wall,
The spacious lawn of bloom and spray,
With sunset over all;

The kindly words of welcome said,
And friendly grasp of hand,
They still live on, though years have sped
Since then across the land.

A storm has swept his leafless wood
And bowed the monarch fern,
Of burly chestnuts which have stood
A thousand winter storms.

Alas! no more the singing birds;
The branches wildly toss,
And on the cheerless hillside words
Is dumb with sense of loss.

—Troy Daily Times.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING IN CINCINNATI.

BY MISS MARY E. DUSTIN.

The first day of the spring found us
On the banks of the Ohio, so warm
And bright and sunny it was, it might
Have been May instead of March. We
had been waiting for such a day to go
to the Wesleyan Cemetery, for it seemed
most meet to see this, our most sacred
Meeting in the sunshine, and to go there
where we could linger where she sleeps
who watched our slumbers in the long
ago time where memory is lost in the
dimness of the dawn.

We must take some flowers out, no
matter if they would soon wither; dead
and dry, they would show that some
one still remembered, and it would be
our offering—all we could do now. If
we had only done more when we might!
The flower market was a feast of first-
fruits, and the plants seemed to be as
glad to be in the open air as we were to
see them there. A prisoned bird and a
blossom indoors always touches our
sympathy. The rough-handed German
who made us up a bunch of out of his
fresh-cut basket of pansies, violets, heli-
otropes and a white vining composite,
seemed to know they were going on to a
grave, he was so gentle about it. May
be he loved them from caring for them
so long.

The street cars took us along the old
familiar route, out past the hills that
are round about this city like Jerusa-
lem of old. The same old impression
of peacefulness that we had when we
first were used to come here in the
"weary war time," always meets us as
we enter this home of the Methodist
dead. It was then a resting refuge
from the sight and sound of guns and
flags and marching men, which every-
where met us in the city of the living.
How long ago this all seems now; if a
little nearer, it might be better for some
south of us, and not so well for others.

The fresh-raked sod seemed to speak
of spring, and the warm sunbeams as
trumpets calling for the resurrection of
the year. We read again the familiar
epitaph, thought of her work, and what
was left for us to do, with that strange
mingling of nearness and far-away-
ness of the past which one feels by a
long-made grave.

But there are two other mounds of
earth where we must at least lay one
cluster of the little white flowers—one
the grave of a dear friend, the other
that of a stranger whose face we never
saw but once. Nellie, our Presiding
Elder's daughter, years ago, gentle and
true, the very ideal of a Christian young
lady, and a devoted daughter, was called
home suddenly, one August afternoon,
closing, with a wonderfully triumphant
death, a timid, but trustful life. Still a
few steps farther stands a monument
with the name of William Wallace,
delegate from the Irish Conference,
who died of cholera ten days after his
arrival in this country. We do not re-
member all the inscription, but a pas-
sage of Scripture underneath is strik-
ingly appropriate: "What I do thou
knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter." We heard Mr. Wallace
address the Cincinnati Conference, the
day before his death, a picture of per-
fect healthfulness so rare as to attract
special attention—a shining mark for
the arrow of the pestilence which would
strike him down before another morn-
ing's morn. His son-in-law (whose
name we do not remember, having no
personal presence associated with it) is
buried beside him. We know not if it
was or child has ever seen his resting-
place. An evergreen, tall and strong,
seems to watch over it—a fit emblem
of those who do not die.

The afternoon began to shadow our
eastern slope, so we went up higher,
to get another full view of the face of
the sun. Very peaceful it all looked.
We could see the hills across the river.

When the end of our last day comes,
may we as clearly see the "evergreen
hills" of eternal life! As we entered
the city, the lamps were lighted; the
"first day of spring" had ended.
March 19th, 1879.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY MRS. J. B. LUMMIS.

"It's too bad! too bad, I declare!"
said Uncle John, in a thoughtful man-
ner, as he warmed his chilled hands
over the glowing kitchen stove.

"What's too bad, father?" called
his wife from the pantry call at hand.
"Well, just as I was coming by Jim
Stone's rum-hole at the corner, Fred
Fisher came out; and he was so drunk
he could hardly stand. I tried to have
him get in, and let me carry him home,
but he wouldn't. It's a dreadful cold
night for a man to be out, if his head
is muddled with whiskey. You know
Fred signed the pledge when Murphy
was here, and he's been keeping it,
too, like a man; but I suppose the
devil got the upper hands this time."

"Well, I think it's too bad," said
Aunt Mary, appearing from the pantry.
"If you temperance men did half your
duty, there'd be some chance for men
like Fred. What's the use in getting
them to sign the pledge, and leaving
them to be tempted at every street cor-
ner? You might as well tie a man
hand and foot, and make him promise
to run. Fred was born with an appet-
ite for liquor. If you'd shut up these
horrible dram-shops, he might be
saved. He never will be, unless you
do."

"Well, wife, I don't see as any good
has ever come from any of these hash
means. We don't want to be too hard on
any one. Temperance folks nowadays
think the spirit of love is about the
right kind to have."

"Love and law make a good span, I
think," said his wife, kneading her bis-
cuits with great energy. "I don't see
any sense in making fish of one and
flesh of another. When your new buf-
falo was stolen, last winter, you was
fast enough for getting the constable
after the thief, and put him through
smart. I never heard a word but what
you was willing to let him have all that
the law would give him. And what's
more, you was willing to let him have
a buffalo robe, John? What if it was
our Harry? And it may be, if things
go on in this way."

"Well," was the reply, "these men
are good fellows, if they wouldn't
sell liquor. There's Tom Smith, one
of the best fellows in the world. It
seems kind of hard to put the law on a
good neighbor like Tom."

"What kind of a neighbor was he to
Molly Fritz, last summer? When her
children lay dead in the house Tom
Smith kept her husband too drunk to be
of any use, and I know Molly wrote
and begged him not to sell any liquor
to Jim while they were in such trouble.
If that's being one of the best fellows
in the world, the world is worse than I
thought it. I don't want any such
neighborly kindness as that," said Aunt
Mary indignantly.

"Well, well, mother, don't let us
quarrel about it! That won't do no
kind of good. Why, the children look
fairly sick."

"And only last week," Aunt Mary
went on, not heeding the interruption,
"Jimmy Saxton was sentenced for
three months, because in a drunken
frenzy he hurt old Mr. Miles. I sup-
pose that is all right. At any rate, it
will give the boy a chance to get the
liquor out of him, and be sober once
more; and if a man puts himself in a
condition to commit crime, I don't see
but he's got to be punished for the
crime. The trouble is, they shouldn't
stop there. Why not find out where
the boy bought his liquor, and make
the seller suffer for breaking the law?"

"Well, well, Mary, 'twon't help
nothing for us to talk. Folks will do
about as they're a mind to, after all."

"Yes, father," said his wife earnest-
ly, "but some one is responsible for
some of the doing. Anyway, if talking
is all that's left for me, I shall certainly
talk. If it was my husband, or my
boys, I am afraid I should take some
of the doing into my own hands, and
not wait for anybody. I heard Mr.
Gough once tell a story of a woman.
Her husband was a real nice man, but
he could not let liquor alone, if he saw
it, or even smelled it. He was going
down very fast, and her little children
were suffering. Time after time she
had begged the saloon-keeper not to
sell her husband any more liquor; but
he only swore at her, and told her he
should let him have it whenever he
had money to pay for it. One time,
after such an answer, she turned upon
him, and told him he'd better not. 'If
my husband,' said she, 'ever comes
from your saloon drunk again, I will
clean you out.' In just a few days her
husband came staggering home again.
She put her things right on, and
marched straight for that saloon.
There were some loafers there, but the
owner was down cellar when his new
caller arrived. The noise of breaking
bottles made him hurry upstairs.
There was the woman, smashing right
and left, and a costly stream flowing
across the dirty floor. He flew at her
like a tiger, but the half-drunken man
seized him, and he had to look on,
and see his whole stock destroyed.
'Now,' said the woman starting for
home, 'sell my husband liquor again,
and I'll clean you out again.' I am
afraid," said Aunt Mary, with a dan-
gerous look in her eye, "I should do
something like that if I was driven to it."

"Well, boys, we'd better do the
chores. I guess old Bill thinks I am
drunk, or crazy, or something, letting
him stand in the cold in this way; and
Uncle John beat a retreat before the
blazing battery of his wife's tem-
perance zeal.

It was a bitter winter night. The
cows were soon milked, the cattle fed,
and the sheep looked after. Indoors
there was light, and warmth, and a
tempting supper-table spread.

"Why, father," said Aunt Mary sud-
denly, "you ain't eating any supper.
Are you sick?"

"No, mother, I'm not sick, but I
don't feel easy about Fred. A man
would freeze to-night in a couple of
hours, and Fred has a lonely road to
travel. I believe," said he, rising sud-
denly, "I'd better go and look after
him. I guess this is one of the 'do-
ings' I'd better look after, any way,"
and he smiled at his wife.

"Well, if you think best, father,"
said Aunt Mary, rising, too, and hur-
rying to the closet for mufflers and coats.
"Willie, get the horse ready for fa-
ther. Harry will go with you, of
course."

"Tain't worth while for the boy to
go. It's a dreadful cold night," said
Uncle John, putting on his coat.
"The 'boy' is as tall as you are, fa-
ther, and it is certainly worth while for
him to go. You may need help," said
his wife, helping her son into his over-
coat.

"Take good care of yourself," she
called after them, with a quiver in her
voice and a pang at her heart.

"We will drive to the village first,"
said Uncle John. "He may be at
some of the saloons still."

Jim Stone's was soon reached. It
was well filled with men, some young,
some old, some ragged and tattered,
others more respectable and well
dressed, but all more or less intox-
icated. A sudden stillness fell upon
the noisy crowd as Farmer Ladd
stepped in. "I called to inquire
about Fred Fisher," said he, stepping
up to the bar. "Is he here?"

"No," said Stone respectfully; "he
left here about four o'clock. What's
the matter?"

"I only felt anxious to know if he
got safely home," said Uncle John.
"It's too cold a night for a man to
sleep in the ditch. Boys," said he,
turning to the men, "you'd better go
home this bitter night, while you can
get there safely."

"That's so, Squire," hiccupped one
poor fellow, who could hardly stand.
"Dreadful poor time for getting
drunk. Told my wife so this morn-
ing," and he gave his companions what
was intended for a knowing wink.

All the other saloons and bar-rooms
were visited, without success.

"Now, Harry," said Uncle John,
"we'll drive fast to his house. Per-
haps he's there all right. If he is,
'twon't take us long to get home, and
we shall sleep all the better for know-
ing it. Look out for your ears, and
look out with your eyes, as we drive
along, for we may find him anywhere."

Many a sudden stop was made, as
some shady spot by the roadside seemed
to take the shape of a prostrate figure.

"I guess he's safe at home," said
Uncle John, with a sigh of relief, as
they drove into the yard.

In answer to their knock, a fright-
ened, pale-faced woman opened the
door.

"O Mr. Ladd," said she, without
waiting for a question, "do you know
anything about my husband? He left
home early this morning, and hasn't
returned yet, and I've been so fright-
ened; and she burst into tears.

"I drove up to see if he had got
home all right," said Uncle John.
"Has he any friend where he'd be
likely to go?"

"Oh, no! He would try to come
home, I know," was the answer, "but
he might lose his way. He always
comes across through the woods; it is
so much nearer."

"Where shall we strike the path
through the woods?"

"Right straight through the pasture
bars," said the trembling woman.

"Can you give us a lantern?" said
the farmer; "it will be dark in the
woods."

Father and son looked at each other
with pale faces. Both knew what was
lying under the shadow of the solemn
trees, white as the winter's snow. He
had almost reached home. The light
in the window there was shining full
upon him. He had stumbled and
fallen probably, and was stunned,
perhaps, though his poor, confused
brain needed no cruel blow. Under
the silent stars, out in the bitter cold,
he was sleeping quietly. Only the
trump of God can wake such sleepers.

"Mary," said Uncle John, as late in
the night he stood once more in his
own kitchen. "I've been asking, all
along, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'
and to-night I've answered it. Yes, I
am! I've enlisted for the war, wife,
and rummaging has got to be stopped
in this town, if I fight it out single-
handed and alone."

"Amen!" was the earnest answer.
And it was not alone that the battle was
fought; earnest Christian men, strong
in character and social position, banded
together, and the victory was won. In
one blessed New England village,
at least, can reformed men, struggling
back to health, honor, and manly pur-
pose, safely walk the streets.

AT TWILIGHT.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Sometimes, when shines the evening star
Low in the yellow west,
I think, of all the day, by far
I like the twilight best.

No more of work, no more of play,
No more of news and noise;
Into this Sabbath hour of day
Fit only quiet joys.

Glad is the early day, but sweet,
When all its hours are spent,
The time when come with weary feet
They who at morning went.

Then hope, now peace; then toll, now rest;
Then eager, forward tread,
Now sobered gladness, at the best,
And drooping, thoughtful head.

The busy winds are 'd to rest,
So is our busy care;
As shines across the tinted west,
So all our life seems fair.

Fair, filled with hopes that that the stray,
And lend to calm a zest;
And so I like, of all the day,
The twilight hour the best.

So when, at last, our weary feet
Shall near life's twilight bound,
Serene, in expectation sweet,
May still our souls be found.

ROSES AGAIN!

BY MARY D. WELLCOME.

Did you send for any of those lovely
everblooming roses I wrote to you
about some months ago? And did you
succeed well with them? I did, grandly.

From the time when "Madam Plantier,"
in the month of roses, gave me over
two hundred sweet, pure white blooms,
up to October, there was hardly a day
that I did not have a rose of some sort
to put in my vase. White and creamy
white, canary yellow and pink, dark
red and light red—fragrant beauties,
repaying richly for all my care. "Bon
Silene," one of my new roses, gave me
eleven splendid blossoms, deliciously
sweet, and with its rich carmine, I
count it a No. 1. "Devonensis,"
without any fuss, beginning with June,
went on blooming until Jack Frost in
October nipped four of her buds, and
she gave up disheartened. I put her in
a pot of fresh earth, let her rest several
weeks, and then I began to prune. I
cut off bits of branches, and every leaf
scarce three weeks passed, and she
was all alive with a new growth, tiny
shoots putting forth where I removed
the leaves, and repaying a hundred-
fold in freshness and beauty for my
harsh treatment. (Query: If the
husbandman should thus prune us,
would we bring forth much fruit?)

"Bon Silene" I treated in like manner.
Already she has shot forth new branches,
and on four there are buds fully re-
vealed. Several other rose plants,
shorn wholly of their foliage, clothed
themselves with shoots where were
"leaves only."

Now, dear lady readers, who mourn
over barren rose-bushes, will you try
my method for forcing a new growth?
I have sufficient vanity to claim the
right of original discovery in respect
to this method. (If I had deemed it
best to apply for a patent, I should not
divulge it to you.) The knowledge
came to me several years ago, by ac-
cident. The aphids so covered every leaf
of my roses, that to get rid of them I
cut all of them off. Judge of my glad
surprise, when I found that out of the
destruction had come forth a more abun-
dant life. (Christ tells us about giving
"life more abundantly" to His
own people.) Buds and blossoms were
the result.

I have seen people loth to pick off
even a wilted or decaying leaf lest it
injure the plant. And when the frag-
ile plant they have ordered from the
florist begins to wilt, and its leaves to
dry up and fall off, they at once pro-
nounce its doom, and cast it aside. If
I had done so, there would have been
many roses lost that have smiled upon
me with their beauty. So long as the
stalk is green, there is life, and I have
waited weeks sometimes before my eyes
could greet the first stir of that latent
vitality. Other plants have kept right
on growing, apparently ignorant of the
fact that they had been taken from the
earth, jammed into a dark box with a
score of others, traveled a thousand
miles, and adopted into a new home
with wholly different surroundings.

One of those received from the Innis-
fallen Company, last fall, had a bud
well developed. I did not remove it
as usual, but potted my plant and put
it in the shade. Judge of my surprise,
a few evenings after, on finding a lovely
rose, just as perfect as though the plant
had always been in that pot. It is
wonderful how fresh the plants can be
kept when so compactly packed in
moss. Roses in full bloom come out
without a tarnish. Rooted, budded,
and to-night I've answered it. Yes, I
am! I've enlisted for the war, wife,
and rummaging has got to be stopped
in this town, if I fight it out single-
handed and alone."

"Amen!" was the earnest answer.
And it was not alone that the battle was
fought; earnest Christian men, strong
in character and social position, banded
together, and the victory was won. In
one blessed New England village,
at least, can reformed men, struggling
back to health, honor, and manly pur-
pose, safely walk the streets.

"My burden is light," said the blessed
Redeemer. A light burden, indeed,
which carries him that bears it. I have
looked through all nature for a resem-
blance of this, and I seem to find a
shadow of it in the wings of a bird,
which are indeed borne by the creature,
and yet support her flight towards
heaven.—St. Bernard.

THE PEOPLE'S MESSAGE.

WHAT THE PEOPLE REPLIED, AND
WHAT CONSCIENCE ADDED.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was
broken by the tones of a church bell.
Over the town floated its full, rich mu-
sic, and then came back again in faint
echoes. The bell seemed charged with
a message to the people, which it was
telling with all its might, and the mes-
sage ran thus:—

"Come—come. Come—come.

Come—come."

But although well understood, it was
not heeded by many, and this was what
the people said who did not heed it,
and what conscience said to them:—

"Bell—'Come—come—come—come—
People—'We do not feel very well
to-day.'"

"Conscience—'Isn't it strange there
are so many sick people on Sundays?
Many who are well enough on Satur-
day night are unable to go out on Sun-
day, and those who are so sick on Sun-
day recover when Monday morning
comes. It might seem as if some
weekly epidemic visited the town with
a full supply of headaches, colds, fe-
vers, and other disorders.'"

"Bell—'Come—come—come—come—
People—'The weather is too un-
pleasant to-day.'"

"Conscience—'Yes, the weather on
Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too
cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy.
Sunday heats are so exhausting, Sunday
colds so piercing, that no one but the
unhappy and seditious should go out
to church!'"

"Bell—'Come—come—come—come—
People—'We have company.'"

"Conscience—'Isn't there something
said about the stranger within thy gates
keeping the Sabbath holy?'"

"People—'Our garments are not
good enough.'"

"Conscience—'There are a great
many directions in the Bible about how
we should come before our Lord, but
the style and the quality of clothes are
not mentioned. The church isn't a
military establishment or a show-
room. In old times the rich and poor
met together, for the Lord is the Maker
of them all.'"

"Bell—'Come—come—come—come—
People—'We are better than some
who go to church.'"

"Conscience—'You may be much
better than some, but are you satisfied
with that? Will it do to tell the Lord
so? There is something in the parable
of the Pharisee and Publican bearing
upon this point.'"

"Bell—'Come—come—come—come—
People—'We haven't any seats in
church.'"

"Conscience—'Yes, there are always
seats there for all who come. There
need be no fear of intruding, for all are
welcome, and there need be no fear of
wearing out your welcome, for you are
urged to come every Sunday.'"

And so the church bell kept ringing
out its message, "Come—come—come—
and some heeded the message, came,
thanked God for the privilege of com-
ing, and resolved to come always.
Others still refused, and conscience
went to sleep, murmuring, ere it slept,
"What shall it profit a man if he shall
gain the whole world and lose his own
soul?"—Christian Weekly.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

... An accountant who visited Bunker
Hill Monument last summer, says it is the
tallest column he ever footed up.

... An editor in Cincinnati, pulling
slight copies, said: "No person having once
tried one of these collars will ever use any
other."

... A sparkling young debater, in a flight
of eloquence exclaimed: "Mr. President,
the world is divided into two great classes,
the learned and the unlearned, one of whom
I am which."

... "Where are you going?" asked a lit-
tle girl of another who had slipped and fallen
on the icy pavement. "Going to get up,"
was the blunt reply.

... "Father," said a wishful lass, about
sixteen years of age, "I know something
about grammar, but I cannot decline mari-
mony, nor see the reason why myself and
Gilbert cannot be conjugated."

... Drilling her glass in poetry, the teach-
er quoted from the familiar lines of Ten-
nyson: "You will me early, mother, dear."
"Now," she asked, "why did the girl want to be called
early?" "Because," replied Tenyson, "un-
less it was because that was her name."

... Nervous old gentleman to watch-
maker: "No, none of them will do. I
want a watch that won't go tick, tick, tick,
tick! all the night long. I hate to hear a
watch tick, for it keeps me awake." Watch-
maker: "Ah! I see, sir. You want one
of the 'silent watches' of the night. I don't
keep 'em."

... "Which way do you travel from?"
asked a man of a crooked-back gentleman.
"I came straight from Providence," was the
reply. "Did you?" said the other, "then
you must have been most shockingly warped
by the railroad!"

... "Ah, yes," said Mrs. Partridge,
some years ago on the twenty-second of
February, as she watched the military pass
by. "Ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the
worst of it is that his mantle-piece don't
seem to have fallen on any man now living."

... Young man devoted to and expressly
manufactured for society clapping his head
in agony. Ah, how my head aches—aw-
fully! "Don't," said a student in Wil-
son's dental school. "Oh, you'd better have
it pulled," then, after a thoughtful pause,
"or filled." Patient moves away with an
injured air, and young dentist smiles after
him more thoughtfully than ever.

... A little three-year-old in town, who
observed her grandfather writing a postal
card, requested that she might be allowed to
write a letter. Upon being asked if a postal
card would answer her purpose, she re-
plied, "No, sir! I want paper and 'velope';
I don't want my letter to go bareheaded like
'urs!'"

... A minister, exchanging with a brother
clergyman, was informed on his way to
church that the pulpit hymn-book was very
much worn, and it was a difficult matter to
induce the church to furnish a new one. He
made no reply, and announcing one of the
hymns, he read:

"Salvage O joyful sound,
And pause! He added, "This is an excel-
lent hymn, but there is no more in this book.
If the choir have any more in theirs, they may
sing it." It is needless to add, the next Sab-
bath a new hymn-book was in the pulpit.

Gems of Religious Thought.

... Sometimes God puts such wonderful
sweetness into the doing of, or the refraining
from, some little thing for His sake, that we
wonder what makes us so happy about it,
and cannot but be conscious that it is not ex-
actly one's mere natural feeling; it is not a
precious experience of the great reward!—
F. R. Havergal.

... Clouds beautify the sky and at times
hide the sun, just to show how depend-
ent

upon it we all are. So sorrow beautifully
life and seem to hide the face of God, to
teach us how much we need Him. It takes
the darkness of night to show us God's stars.
—Christian at Work.

BY REV. J. HAYDEN.

9. Spend all your spare time at the village store talking politics, giving special attention to the causes of hard times.

Jelly Cake. — Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, two tablespoons milk, one-half teaspoon soda. Bake ten or fifteen minutes in flat tin, put jelly on while warm, and roll.

MRS. R. H. SHELTON.

Rev. W. X. Ninde, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., will deliver the annual address before the Cincinnati Wesleyan College for women (Rev. D. H. Moore, Pres't.) June 16th, '79.

Mr. John D. Philbrick, the popular New England educationist, is still receiving a hearty welcome abroad. The French Government has made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the University of France has given him

Mrs. REBECCA B. NEWCOMB, wife of Norton Newcomb, esq., departed this life, at her residence in St. Louis, Mo., March 5, 1879, aged 53 years.

well to her house, that order, neatness and comfort always reigned there. And a friend, she was kind and devoted, and so gentle was she in disposition and manner, so thoughtful and considerate of others, that she had many warm friends, and, it may be safely said, no enemies. Quiet and unobtrusive in disposition, and of a truly meek Christian

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throughout the eastern Provinces and State of Maine. Filled with unbounded faithfulness, fervent in spirit, loving her Saviour with her whole heart, and unceasingly earnest for the salvation of sinners, she was indeed a "mother in Israel," of that old-fashioned type which we sometimes fear is gradually becoming extinct among us. It is related of her that at least two of the most wide-spread and successful revivals which ever occurred

With our intimate knowledge of our grandmother's simple trust in Christ, and of her long life well spent in His service, we need no further assurance of the fullness of her title to a glorious immortality. And our aged grandfather—whom we learned to love and reverence in early youth, with an intensity which has increased with the advance of time—though thus bereft (at the

been an acceptable member and true friend for forty years. She has been a great sufferer for years, but endured all with great patience. Her last sickness was a short, but severe, one. In her daily life she exhibited tenderness, refinement, and a steady hold upon Christian faith. Death found her ready and willing to go. Her parting words to her pastor were, "Be faithful and preach the whole truth and God will take care of you." To her beloved husband, upon whom this bereavement falls most heavily, we extend our sympathy; and we trust that the God whom he has so long served will care for him, and bring him still nearer to Himself.

WARREN AFFLECKE.

**Sexual Exhaustion,
Spinal Diseases,
Indigestion**
And other chronic ailments.

VOLUNTARY
TESTIMONY

jury being done to the patient, as an external remedy is universally acknowledged to be safe. Another advantage is the facility with which the progress of the disease and cure can be watched, and if the Belt be not quite in the right place, it can be very easily readjusted so as to cover the parts affected. The Polysarmerches Elastic Belt, and its parts,

tric quantities. Our pamphlet explains how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious.

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The only cure readily, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price 1¢ a package. Sample plays free. Address LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

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AGENTS. READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month, experience, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We need sales everywhere. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

17

AMAR INDIEN
(Universally Prescribed by the Faculty).—A Laxative, Refreshing and Me-

SENSIBLE TRUSS

 with Self-Adjusting Ball center, adapts itself to positions of the body, while the Ball in the Presses Back the Intestines Just as Feels the Finger. With little pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
Eggleston Truss Co., Chicago, I
 286 cow

16 cow

125 Hours Musical Instruction
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Hall, Boston. E. Tourjee, Director. **\$15**

3

TO CLERGYMEN.

The writer having made seven trips to the coast of **LABRADOR** would like to correspond with some Clergymen, with a view of getting up a paper for the above place, in July and August. Address "Labrador," P. O. Box 277, Newton, Mass. 20

THE HEALTH CORSET
 Invented made with the Knapton Band, which
 is soft and flexible and contains no bones.
 Prices by mail, \$1.50. Buring Corsets,
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 For Sale by leading Merchants
WARNER BROS, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

Cloth	0.30
SUPERFINE PAPER.	
Cloth, red edges	0.65
Cloth, embossed	0.75
Do. gilt edges	1.00
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Do. extra	2.50
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100 lb. French bark, 36 lb. line paper, 2.50
 100 lb. French Morocco, silk edges, 2.75
 100 lb. extra, silk edges, 3.00
 100 lb. French bark, 36 lb. line paper, 2.50
 100 lb. French Morocco, silk edges, 2.75
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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, March 25.

The President has nominated Dr. J. B. Hamilton to be Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital service.

Two villages in Persia were destroyed by an earthquake on Saturday and Sunday, and over one thousand people are said to have perished.

Mr. Talmage's trial was begun yesterday. Mr. Talmage demanded a thorough investigation. Rev. Dr. Spear and Rev. Mr. Millard appeared as his counsel.

The Reading Savings-bank defaulter and his son were both arrested in this city yesterday, and notes and mortgages belonging to the bank, and representing about \$50,000 were recovered from them.

The House was not in session yesterday. In the Senate, the secretaryship and the four principal offices were filled by the nominees of the Democratic caucus.

Wednesday, March 26.

Over 4,000 miners have struck, in the Monongahela Valley.

The Brooklyn Bridge case has been decided; the work is to go on, and New York must furnish its share of the funds.

Hostile movements on the part of Sitting Bull are causing considerable concern.

Six persons were injured by a collision caused by a misplaced switch on the New York Elevated railroad yesterday.

Experts testified in the Cameron case that one of the most important letters shown by Mrs. Oliver is a forgery.

The school committee of this city have decided to retrench expenses to the amount of \$38,000.

The House did no business yesterday. The Senate committee on Elections have decided, by a strict party vote, and the legality of the appointment of C. H. Bell as Senator from New Hampshire. Senator Hoar sharply criticized the Democratic programme. In the Democratic caucus it was decided to adhere to the plan of attaching legislation to appropriation bills.

Thursday, March 27.

The President has nominated Andrew D. White, president of Cornell University, for the Berlin mission.

Terrible suffering from famines is reported in the Nile valley.

Judge Isaac Edwards, Dean of the Albany Law School, committed suicide yesterday.

Judge Elliot, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was yesterday assassinated in Frankfurt by a man against whom he had rendered an adverse decision.

Except the introduction of bills into the Senate, and of resolutions into the House, no business was done by Congress yesterday.

Friday, March 28.

A recent fire at Akrah, Farther India, destroyed two and half millions of property. The liabilities of George D. White, who disappeared mysteriously from Lynn a few days ago, foot up about \$12,000.

About \$2,000 have been thus far subscribed for the widows and orphans of the Gloucester fishermen who were lost at sea.

An immediate advance of the British forces on Cabul has been ordered.

Nothing was done in the Senate yesterday save to debate Mr. Hoar's resolution relative to Coercing the Executive. The House was occupied with the Army bill, a portion of which was considered.

Saturday, March 29.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives adopted yesterday the resolve providing for biennial State elections and biennial sessions of the legislature.

The contest over the Army Appropriation bill began in the House yesterday. A proposition to repeal the law which now forbids ex-Confederates from being appointed officers in the regular army, was defeated. The section prohibiting the military being used at elections met with sturdy resistance, and a long contest seems imminent.

Monday, March 31.

The Tremont House at Claremont, N. H., was burned early Saturday morning and five persons perished in the flames.

The female suffragists of Concord, N. H., turned out largely on Saturday to vote for School Committee. The ladies were numerously represented at the polls by their own sex, but failed to carry the day.

During the progress of a fire at Madison, Wis., on Saturday, an explosion occurred, and seventeen men were more or less injured; three were not expected to recover.

The Virginia Court of Appeals has recognized finally the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, in a recent suit.

Gen. Garfield made the principal speech in the debate on the Army Appropriation bill in the House on Saturday.

The British troops have been victorious in another engagement with the Afghans.

A wagon containing four persons was struck by lightning Friday evening, near Decatur, Ill., and two were killed.

THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

These are being mitigated, and in a large number of cases wholly removed, by the use of "Compound Oxygen," the new revitalizing agent which is now attracting such wide attention. Out "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKIE & PALEY, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A very pretty Cuff Button is being manufactured from a tree that was purchased from the estate of the late Wm. C. Bryant, Rye, Long Island. It is a pleasing memento from the home of one of America's greatest poets. They are sent by mail on the receipt of 30 cents. Address, Roslyn Wood Turning Co., Box 50, Roslyn, Long Island.

The company manufacturing them can be relied on as furnishing a genuine article.

The readers of our paper will please notice, in another column, the circular of Mr. George W. Peckham. He has now connected himself with one of the largest furniture establishments in Boston, and will be pleased to welcome his old friends and patrons at Messrs. Lawrence Wilde & Co., Cornhill. Everything which mechanical skill and artistic taste can furnish for Drawing rooms, Library, and Chamber furniture can be found at this establishment.

We feel that we are doing the public a favor in calling their attention particularly to Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is not a patent medicine, but is a proprietary article possessing real curative properties, and its effects upon the Blood are very positive.

CORRECTION. The \$45 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine for \$15. An advertisement of this machine appeared in our issue of March 27. In noticing it editorially we spoke of it as a second-hand machine by mistake. It is not a perfect, and a great bargain. The fact that it is a new genuine Wheeler & Wilson lock stitch machine will sell it as fast as the orders can be filled. The same machine cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$45. See advertisement in this issue.

Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief. 25c a box.

THE NATIONAL SCOURGE.

It is estimated that the annual damages caused by the ravages of insects and worms exceed \$150,000,000 in the United States alone. Truly an enormous loss! Yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the ravages of that more terrible scourge, Consumption, which annually sweeps hundreds of thousands of human souls into eternity. The cause of consumption is various, depending in every instance for the development of the disease upon the scrofulous diathesis, or temperament, of the victim. Thus the same cause which will produce in one person an attack of acute disease or a slight nervous prostration, will engender consumption in another person of scrofulous habit. That consumption can be cured by proper treatment will be readily perceived when the exact nature of the disease is understood, viz.: the accumulation and deposition of scrofulous matter (tubercles) in the lungs. Obviously, the principal remedy required are (1) a powerful alternative, or blood-purifier, to arrest the accumulation and also cleanse the blood of the scrofulous matter, and (2) a mild cathartic to expel the diseased matter from the system. This course of treatment, in conjunction with strict hygienic regime, has proved the most successful method of curing this disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the best alternative and cathartic remedies before the public, and have been alone used in thousands of cases of consumption with the most marked efficacy. Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., affords special and unequalled advantages to consumptives, not only possessing the best medical and hygienic means of treatment, but having the essential advantage of being situated in a climate where the inhabitants are notably free from this disease.

The first life insurance company to publish, as a canvassing document, a life-simile copy of the policy contract issued to insured, was the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company. This does, so that applicants for insurance may see beforehand just what the contract between themselves and the Company is to be in case a policy is issued. The terms of the policy are so definite and plainly printed, that the holder can see for himself exactly what his rights are in case of inability to pay his premiums as they become due.

You can cure your sore throat, inflamed bronchial tubes and resultant hacking cough with DR. QUAIN'S COMPOUND SERRA ELIXIR, which combines the healing balsams of the spruce, the pine and the fir, is wonderfully soothing in its effects, contains no opium, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate.

TORTOISE SHELL GOODS in great variety may be found at the store of Milo Hildreth & Co., 421 Washington Street. Please peruse their advertisement in another column, and call and examine their fine stock of real Shell Goods.

CHURCH FURNITURE.—In the stock room at Paine's manufactory, 141 Friend Street, some 40 new patterns in pulpit desks and chairs are on exhibition this week.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE NOTICES.—The Class of the First Year will meet the Committee of Examination in the vestry of the First Church, Taunton, April 15, at 10 a. m.

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Deaths.

Addie Louise Hamilton, daughter of Rev. A. O. Hamilton, died March 28, aged 14 years.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

R. L. DAY & COMPANY,
Bankers, Brokers, and Stock Auctioneers
Merchants' Exchange Building,
Entrances 11 State Street, 14 Exchange Place
Auction Sales every Wednesday and Saturday, at 11 1-2 o'clock A. M.

Members of the Boston Stock and Exchange Board.
Good City and Town Bonds constantly on hand.

BOSTON, March 26, 1879.

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July 1st... 100% 100%
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